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SCREECH DOES PORN

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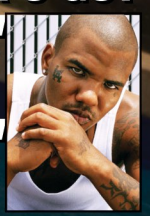

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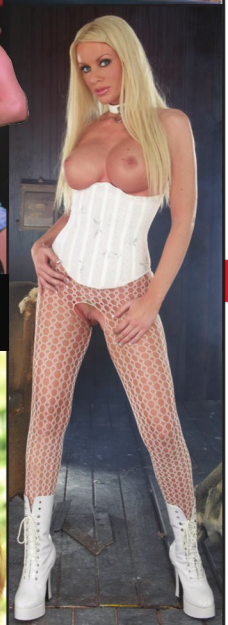

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HUSTLER

LARRY FLYNT'S FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

APRIL 2007 VOLUME 33 NUMBER 11
HustlerWorld.com

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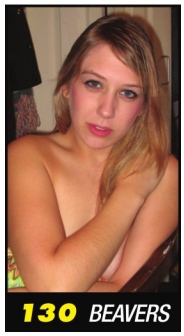

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Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky

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MR. BUSH: YOU CANNOT WIN!

The war in Iraq is over. The only thing to be determined is the extent of the losses. More troops will not change things, nor will attacking Iran or refusing to negotiate with your enemies. These are not viable options; they are a prescription for further disaster. And you, sir, have done enough damage already.

Your foolish plan, ill-advised and poorly executed, has put us in the middle of a civil war. Our men and women are trapped between two warring factions with no hope of making a difference. Our treasury is bleeding money at a time when we have pressing domestic needs. Our schools, our healthcare system, our infrastructure and our environment are devastated—to say nothing of our democracy and our civil liberties.

The American people have made their feelings clear. They want you to pack up the troops and get them out of there before another U.S. soldier dies—or before another innocent Iraqi family gets blown into eternity.

Recognize the inevitable, Mr. Bush: The war is over. You have lost.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

▲GET CREATIVE

Here is the ultimate portable entertainment center: the **ZEN Vision W**. This next-generation portable video, photo and MP3 player features a stunning high-resolution 4.3-inch 16:9 format color widescreen TFT display. It can play up to 240 hours of video content and store tens of thousands of digital photos or 15,000 songs. It features a built-in Compact Flash slot so you can easily import photos from your digital camera without a PC. The best part is you can take this highly portable unit with you and share your content via a simple AV connection. Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price, 30GB: $299.99.

TONES OF HOME ▼

Here's a sound system that will take your personal sound to a whole new level. The sleek and stylish **iH52 Bookshelf** system plays the music on your iPod, iPod Shuffle or other MP3 players through two high-fidelity, 32-watt speakers and a 20-watt subwoofer. You can also listen to radio signals (both AM & FM), and other non-docking audio sources via a patch cord. Available in either black or white, the iH52 Bookshelf system looks great on your shelf next to your novels, or your back issues of HUSTLER. Available at ***ihomeaudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

FREE HEAD ▶

There are several wireless headphone choices in today's competitive portable audio market. ***Logitech***, a leader in that technology, has once again scored high marks for its latest creation. The **FreePulse** wireless headphones weigh just 2.1 ounces and are made with a flexible, high-carbon spring-steel headband, making this set durable and extra comfortable. Combine that with an enhanced bass and boost features to get the highest-quality sound of any mid-price set. Simply plug the wireless adapter into any MP3, CD or DVD player with a common 3.5 mm headphone jack, and you're free to go. Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

▲SOMETHING FISHY

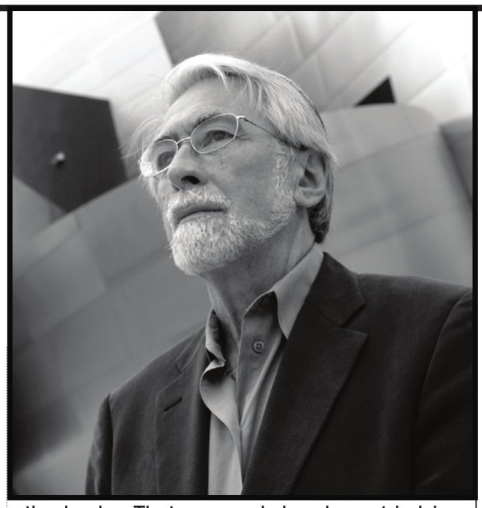
Is it art? Is it a fish tank? Well, the **AquaVista 500** is both. This ultra-slim (only 4.3 inches thick), wall-mounted aquarium for tropical fish hangs just like a framed picture. The gizmo comes completely assembled with an advanced filtration system, heater, air pump, lighting and an embedded LCD control panel with automatic timer and thermostat.

The **AquaVista 500** can be customized with interchangeable backgrounds and 20 different frames. Setup is a snap. Just secure to a wall, fill the tank with water, add some fish and enjoy! Available at ***AquaVistaInc.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

THE SKY IS THE LIMIT ▶

The latest satellite radio from ***Delphi*** comes complete with everything you need to start enjoying XM in any car equipped with an FM radio. The newly designed **SKYFi3** (also offered with a home kit) is 65% smaller than previous units and features a bright 2.8-inch display screen and easy-to-access car dock buttons. The device also allows you to store up to 10 hours of XM content and unlimited MP3s. Plus, with a built-in 30-minute pause/rewind feature, you'll never again ask "What did I miss?" The amazing device also can be removed from your car and used as a portable music player on an 8-hour rechargeable battery. Reach for the sky. Reach for **SKYFi3**. Available at ***SKYFi3.Delphi.com***. Suggested retail price: $229 (monthly subscription required).

Immigration and the Wages of Sin



WHAT'S UP WITH THOSE GODLESS HEATHENS forming citizen armies to prevent Mexicans from illegally crossing the border? Have they never read scripture? Newsflash to the Minutemen: God, as quoted in the Bible, commands you to welcome immigrants, regardless of their paperwork.

"When an alien lives with you in your land, do not mistreat him," affirms the Almighty in *Leviticus*. "The alien living with you must be treated as one of your native-born. Love him as yourself, for you were aliens in Egypt."

Despite this clear injunction from their Lord, however, far too many Christian Americans seem to believe that immigrants living in the United States illegally are the spawn of the devil, come to destroy our City on the Hill.

"I have to tell you that we are facing a situation, where if we don't control immigration, legal and illegal, we will eventually reach the point where it won't be what kind of a nation we are—balkanized or united—we will actually have to face the fact that we are no longer a nation at all," says Representative Tom Tancredo (R-Colorado), a hero of the Far Right and a potential Republican candidate for President in 2008.

Tancredo, whose hardline Immigration Reform Caucus boasts many Christian Right Congress members, is just the latest in a centuries-long list of opportunist politicians, media demagogues and freelance xenophobes who, during low ebbs in our national sense of security and vision, have fomented anti-immigrant hysteria, demonizing immigrants as spies, criminals, terrorists, and even subhumans. Anything but the hardworking, exploited, often churchgoing, labor force that stokes U.S. prosperity.

"We could electrify it," said Representative Steve King (R-Iowa) of the ludicrous 700-mile "super fence" boondoggle our easily stampeded political leaders have approved for the U.S.-Mexico border. "Not enough to kill somebody, but enough to make them think twice. We do that with livestock all the time." Added King: If you decide later you want more immigrants, you could open it up and "let the livestock run through."

The script is as old as the *Mayflower*: A false alarm is sounded that the values, wages and safety of the current roster of credentialed Americans are jeopardized by the "flood" or "tidal wave" or "river" pouring across our porous borders—be they German, Irish, Italian, Chinese, Jewish, Russian, Mexican or even the freed slaves seeking to earn an honest living in Northern cities after the Civil War. Any and all manner of societal problems have been laid, and continue to be, on these scapegoats, and the same simplistic solution offered: Find and deport them, and don't let any more in.

Luckily, although it sometimes takes years or even decades, eventually saner voices prevail, acknowledging that the continued influx of immigrants always has fueled America's astonishing economic and cultural rise, ever since the original natives were bum-rushed off their turf. Immigration laws are liberalized, compromises are reached, amnesties are offered, and the bureaucracy grinds on. Amnesty, thanks to the energetic efforts of Senator Ted Kennedy (D-Massachusetts), has been a particular boon to the Irish so populous among us.

But it is the immigrants from Mexico who are most responsible for America's enormous agricultural bounty and who are most easily maligned. Having intermittently covered this issue for the *Los Angeles Times* over 30 years, I can well recall the peaks of panic in which we reporters were dispatched to the border and out into the fields to witness the arrest of people desperate to find work—only to be embarrassed by the haunted eyes and clutched crosses of the discovered "enemy."

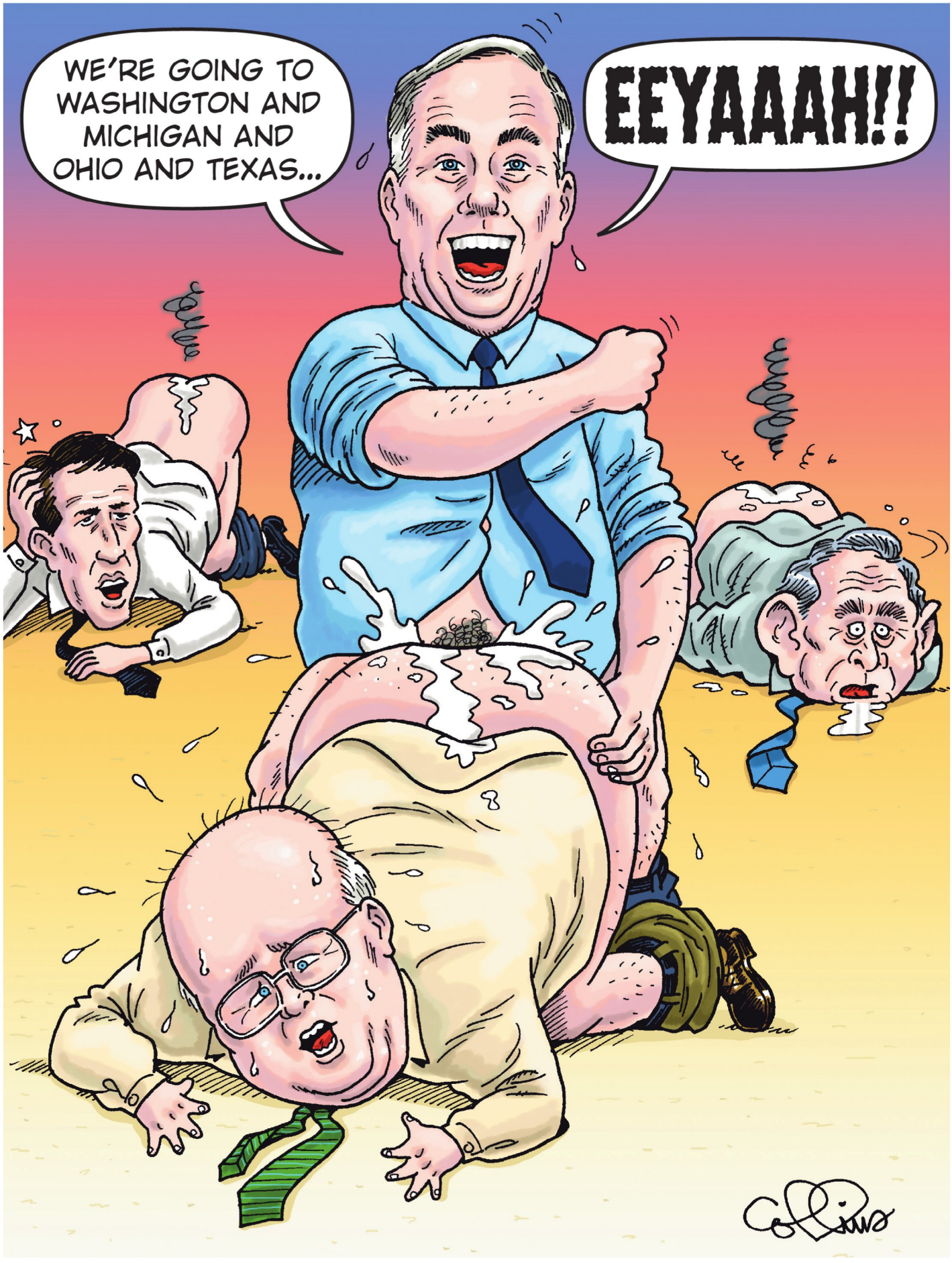
The reality is that immigrants are here illegally in the millions because of a force the hypocritical Christian Right is too chicken to challenge: unregulated capitalism. An abysmal lack of enforcement of the labor laws regarding working conditions and minimum wage, paired with a relentless global competition over prices and labor costs, leads American businesses to welcome the cheap labor arriving here, documented or not.

Some 2 million immigrant workers now earn less than the minimum wage, and millions more work without the occupational safety, workers' compensation, overtime pay and other protections legal status offers. Consequently, when the President says that immigrants perform work that legal residents are unwilling to do, he may be right—but we don't know. The only way to test that hypothesis is to bring this black market labor pool aboveground by implementing the rarely enforced federal and state labor laws already on the books. That approach has been tried in California with some success in a program started by Republican Governor Pete Wilson and revived recently by Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The approach is as simple as it is effective: Treat the undocumented immigrants out in the fields or in those garment sweatshops as exploited workers with rights that are not being enforced instead of as criminals to be hounded. Send a beefed-up army of federal and state labor and health inspectors into the workplace to make sure that the laws governing labor and production are being enforced, but leave the immigration agents out of it—you need those workers as witnesses in upcoming trials against the employers who have broken the law. The approach has worked so well that crooked employers screamed like mad and were successful in getting Schwarzenegger's Democratic predecessor, Gray Davis, to back off on the raids. Hopefully, the Terminator will hang tougher.

If Congress raises the minimum wage significantly, and it is enforced, legal workers could take available jobs in agriculture, meatpacking and the garment and services industries—drying up the demand for illegal workers—which is the most effective means for cutting illegal immigration. Every serious study has shown that immigrants come here primarily for jobs and that ending the illegal, low-paid job market is the best way to control the flow across the border.

That makes more sense than racist ineffectual appeals to militarize the border with Mexico, or efforts to exploit the longstanding problem of immigration from Mexico and Central America with the President's fit-all-bogeyman of the so-called War on Terror. All of the 9/11 hijackers entered the U.S. with valid passports, and not one was a Latino. Relax. Terrorists are not hanging out at your local car wash, but if the owners were required to pay them a living wage, some U.S. citizens—including the chronically unemployed Minutemen—might be encouraged to take their places. It's the Christian thing to do.


WE'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON AND MICHIGAN AND OHIO AND TEXAS...
EEYAAAH!!

Cunning Linguist

I just got my third issue of your mag in the mail. I love HUSTLER and the girls are always nice. But I have one beef: With your hard-core girl/guy pictorials, there's nothing you don't show. However, that's not the case with your girl/girl layouts. I'd like to see more tongues *inside*. It's not that exciting seeing a gal whose tongue is two or three inches away from the girl she's supposedly doing. Stop with the poses. Let's see some lingual penetration! **—N.C.**
Rutland, Vermont

Getting Hustled?

I really enjoy HUSTLER, but I will no longer purchase the magazine due to the $11 cover price, instead of a more reasonable price between $8 and $9.

Also, I've never written to you over the years to point out a few things I would have liked to see, starting with more interracial hard-core pictorials. Your magazine also needs more blacks, Latinas and Orientals, along with pregnant women and attractive she-males with long cocks. **—Thomas**
Kansas City, Missouri

HUSTLER's cover price is primarily $8.99, but in select markets a full-length DVD is included. Getting the latest issue *and* a XXX video for $10.99 is a super deal. By the way, our feature models are incredibly diversified, although most readers do not lament the absence of well-hung she-males.

Mya Asian Baby!

The photo-spread of Mya Luanna in your January '07 issue was great! She is the best-looking woman to grace your pages in a long time. Her pussy must be so sweet. I'm partial to Asians, and for a few years they were the only women I fucked. I really dig petite ladies from the Far East, who truly want to please their men and are very sensuous lovers. Please give us more Asians!
—Michael J.
Vallejo, California

Devilish Aftermath

Thank you for providing the Dick Cheney scary monster mask in your November '06 issue. I won third prize in a costume contest with it. The category? "Scariest!" I also used it as a window decoration, placing Cheney right between Frankenstein and Count Dracula.

In regard to the "Devilish Fan" letter in the January '07 *Feedback*, I found R.G.'s statement about being a Satanist on one hand and a "follower" of the Church of Satan on the other to be a contradiction. The Church of Satan champions individuality and shuns herd mentality. It can't have followers.

When R.G. suggested running a story on Satanists, you replied: "HUSTLER Magazine does not support any organized religion." I wondered why he and other readers weren't directed to your December '79 issue, which included a profile of the Church of Satan's founder ("Anton LaVey: Disciple of the Devil"). **—Wylie Hnat**
Iowa City, Iowa

Coulter's a Dolt

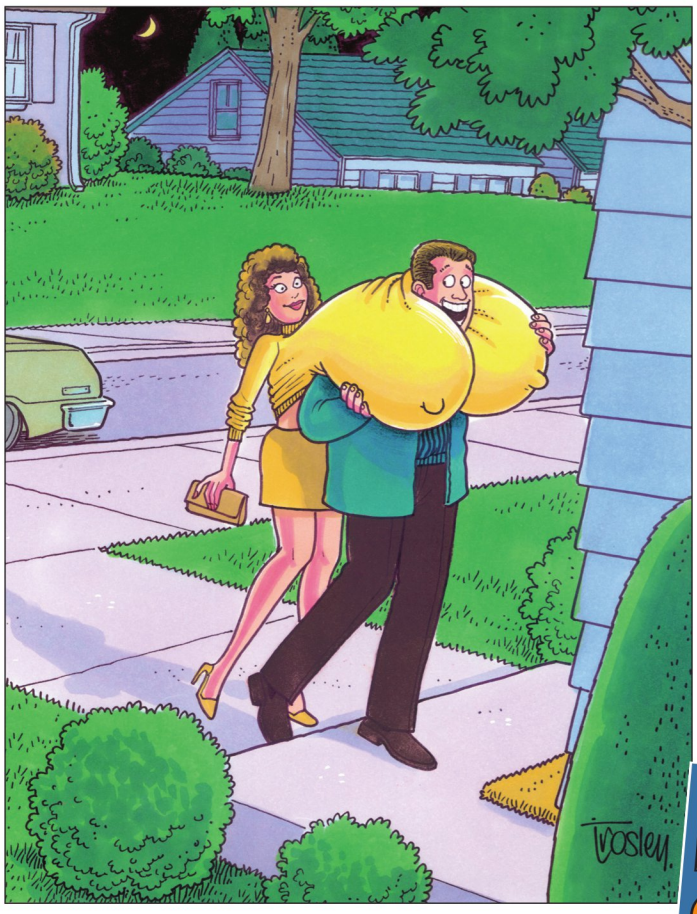
I have enjoyed the roasting that my favorite magazine has given that conservative bitch Ann Coulter. She more

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

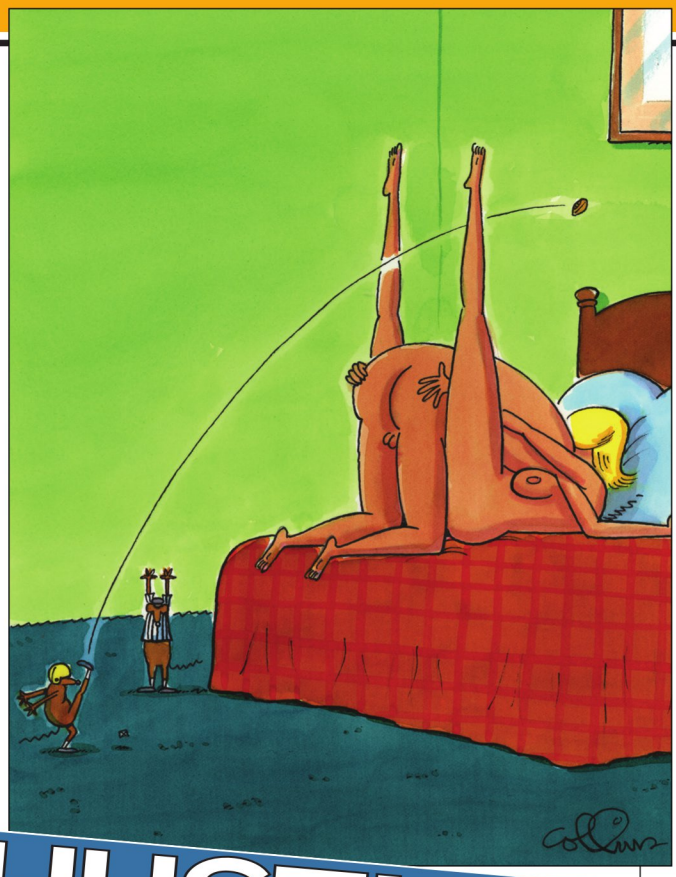
Myself and 35 other Marines are currently in the middle of our seven-month tour in Rowah and Anah, Iraq. We are with the 2nd Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion as part of a Quick Response Force detail. We have a dilemma. None of us have any decent porn. All we've got are a few issues of *Playboy*, but those are like jackin' it to *Maxim*. We have only one issue of HUSTLER—dated March '05—and let me tell you, that copy has seen better days. Celeste Star, myself and the other guys would sure be grateful if you could send us some morale-boosting, good old-fashioned American smut. Any prime spankage material would be appreciated. **—Sergeant M.S.**
Somewhere in Iraq

Consider it done, Sarge. And here's to all of you coming home soon!

March '05
coverbabe Celeste Star



"No problem, really! Always glad to help a lady."



HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Hey, Jasper, look what I found! Get a boner!"

than deserves an "Asshole of the Year" write-up. This arrogant piece of shit thinks that she is above the laws of the great state of Florida and can ignore the Supervisor of Elections and a request for her address.

Coulter gave the lame excuse that she could become the victim of a stalker if her address were made public. Perhaps the gang at HUSTLER and your readers can get more information about this tramp by going to PalmBeachPost.com. That newspaper has printed a number of articles about Coulter. **—Sam L. Karnatz**
Vero Beach, Florida

As this issue went to press, Florida officials were trying to determine if our "favorite" neocon, Ann Coulter, cast a ballot in the wrong precinct. If so, she could be subject to election-fraud charges.

Getting Educated

I was tickled shitless and very proud to see that Mr. Flynt was invited to speak at the Harvard Law School (*Bits & Pieces*, December '06). To you so-called Americans who believe that Larry Flynt is an ignorant, shameless, porn-peddling monster, you can go to fucking hell! Obviously, the people at Harvard think he has something to say.

Also in that issue was the fantastic article *Predatory Teachers 101*. I've heard about various women having sexual relations with underage students, but not much on their stories. When I saw the extensive list you provided and read each individual account, I was completely blown away.

Where were these oversexed women when I was in school? Of course, some of these ladies who seduced much-younger boys deserve what they get from the justice system. Nevertheless, I wish a couple of *my* teachers would have given me after-school studies or a special ride in the back of the bus. Trust me, I wouldn't have told a soul! Yes, learning *can* be fun!

Long live HUSTLER!

—J.P.
Bay, Arkansas

Blowing Smoke

Someone has got to stand up for us smokers. Things have gotten out of control. Not just for smoking indoors, but outside as well. As you Californians know, it's almost against the law to smoke anywhere these days. The American Cancer Society is one of the problems. That organization is supposed to help people—not destroy our lives. After twice failing to get smoking bans legalized in Ohio, the American Cancer Society was eventually able to get them passed somehow. There must be a rat somewhere.

We smokers are being made prisoners in our own homes. Someone has to help smokers for a change. We work, raise families and vote just like everyone else. Cancer is caused in many ways, not just from cigarettes. In fact, doctors don't all agree on the hazards of secondhand smoke.

Antismoking laws slap American veterans in the face and stab God in the back. Remember John 3:16, which says, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God doesn't discriminate.

—Robert Wood,
Wadsworth, Ohio

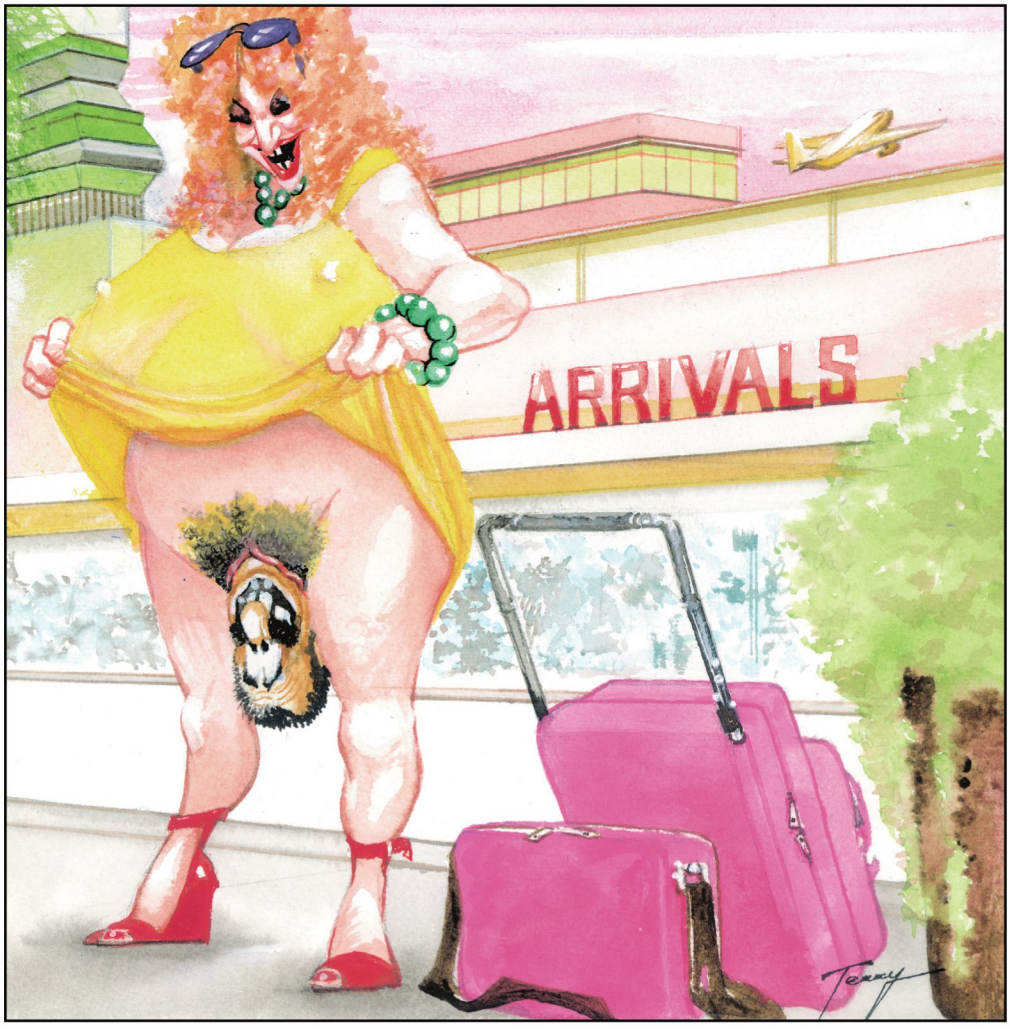
More Color

I love that your mag is so confrontational and unapologetic on political topics. It's exactly what people need: a non-politically correct viewpoint.

Also, I'd like to see a little more color in HUSTLER. Aren't you tired of the popular stereotype of beauty? I've had my fill of skinny-ass, white-bread blondes like Paris Hilton and Britney Spears. I want to see more brunettes with meat on their bones, like Sunny Leone (September '06).

—R.L.
Fords, New Jersey

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Okay, amigo, that'll be 2,000 clams—and welcome to the USA!"

JESUS H. CHRIST IN
DIE SINNERS DIE!
HE'S BACK AND HE'S PISSED!
"This film is sheer rapture. Five stars!" —Pat Robertson
HASTA LA VISTA... SINNERS!
WRITTEN, DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY JAMES C. DOBSON
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY MEL GIBSON

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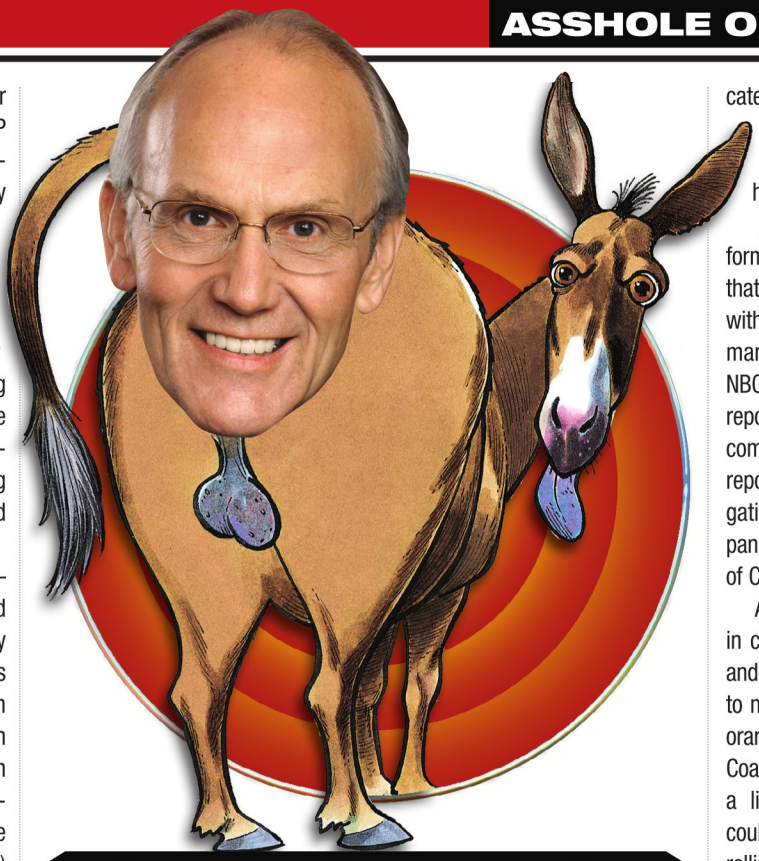


Senator Larry Craig

Hypocritical Idaho Senator Larry Craig is the latest GOP politician accused of privately practicing homosexuality while publicly opposing gay rights. Craig formerly held the Senate's fourth-highest leadership position, once sat on the National Rifle Association's board and voted for federal and state measures banning same-sex marriage. But now—like his fellow Republican, ex-Congressman Mark Foley of Florida—Craig has been accused of fooling around with the male of the species.

In November '06, Mike Rogers—whom liberal talk show host Ed Schultz called the "top activist gay blogger"—appeared on Big Eddie's nationally syndicated radio program and claimed that at least three men had had homosexual relations with Senator Craig. Two of the encounters reportedly took place in the Pacific Northwest. (With Mounties?) Craig allegedly had liaisons with a third man in bathrooms at Washington, D.C.'s Union Station. (Choo-choo! All aboard!) The gay journalist added that none of the men said to have been involved were minors and that all requested anonymity.

What triggered Rogers's unsubstantiated outburst exposing Craig's purported indiscretions was a press release the senator issued shortly before the November 7 midterm elections. In a dubious effort to court so-called values voters, Craig confirmed his support of a state measure prohibiting gay marriage that was on the Idaho ballot. "I intend to vote in favor of HJR 2, consistent with the longstanding position I have taken in the U.S. Senate," announced the alleged nancy boy Benedict Arnold. "…I fully support DOMA [the Defense of Marriage Act, passed in 1996] and still believe the appropriate definition of marriage is a union between one man and one woman, consistent with Idaho's law on the subject."

Idahoans cast their ballots in favor of the Gem State's gay marriage ban. (Score one for the Aryan Nation's compound near Hayden Lake!) Earlier in 2006, Senator Craig also voted for a Federal Marriage Amendment to the Constitution.

Through his press secretary, Craig—who adopted the three children from his wife Suzanne's first marriage—has denied the blogger's allegations of butt-fucking and blowing Boise boys. Rogers reported that the three males claiming to have had extramarital homo hanky-panky with the lawmaker were all unknown to one another, yet they corroborated details of each other's stories.

This isn't Craig's first brush with scandal. Shortly after his arrival on Capitol Hill as a member of the House, he was implicated in a Congressional page scandal involving narcotics and homosexuality that pre-dated Foley's follies. Network news reports on July 2, 1982, indicated that Craig was investigated in connection with the drugs and gay sex blow-ha-ha, leading him to issue a public denial.

According to an NBC broadcast, former page Jeffrey Opp told the FBI that the congressmen had illicit sex with teenaged pages. Craig adamantly denied any involvement. NBC's Lisa Myers concluded her report by observing: "That Craig felt compelled to react to reports from reporters that he was under investigation is evidence of the sheer panic that reigns in certain corridors of Congress."

Although Craig was not charged in connection with the 1982 cock-and-coke imbroglio, it's interesting to note that he has served as honorary co-chair of the Idaho Safe Kids Coalition. In any case, HUSTLER has a live-and-let-lick philosophy. We couldn't give a flying fuck on a rolling doughnut whom consenting adults have sex with, or how, as long as they don't abuse each other, and they buy all their sex toys and lingerie at HUSTLER Hollywood.

But what does burn us up is sexual hypocrisy: when a politician (like Foley) or a preacher man (such as ex-pastor Ted Haggard the Faggard) votes against gays or rails against them from the pulpit, then plays tiptoe through the tulips behind closed Congressional and hotel doors. Larry Craig is our Asshole of the Month—not because he allegedly sucks dick or takes it up the ass, but for apparently covering his ass as a self-denier who sticks it to gays in the hypocritical pursuit of prestige and power.

Farts in the Wind

Michael Richards proved he's a one-trick pony when his floundering standup act at Hollywood's Laugh Factory was interrupted by the seating of a large multiracial party. After being heckled by at least two black men in the group, Richards launched into an epithet-laced rant, screaming: "Fifty years ago we'd have you upside down with a fucking fork up your ass!…You can talk; you're brave now, motherfucker! Throw his ass out! He's a nigger!" Even if Richards's verbal diarrhea was initially intended as a put-on, the risky material was more than his washed-up comedic skills could handle. Tossing the *N*-bomb was stupid enough, but Richards later made things worse by ass-kissing the PC police with a pathetic TV apology. Hang your head in shame, Michael: not only for your dumbass comments, but also for wimping out on your own freedom of speech.

Kyle Doss and **Frank McBride**—two of the Laugh Factory hecklers tongue-lashed by Richards—soon lost all credibility when they appeared on NBC's *Today Show* with ambulance-chasing attorney Gloria Allred. Allred raised the possibility of Richards paying Doss and McBride (minus about 33% for herself) for "the pain that he has inflicted on them as a result of his racist words." Say what?! Since when does acting like an idiot (as Richards clearly did) entitle other people to monetary compensation? For spewing anti-Semitic invective, should Mel Gibson be forced to pay the cop who arrested him? Or, if you want to stick with comedians, should people who've listened to Andrew Dice Clay's anti-women routines be paid for pain and suffering? What we are seeing here is political correctness out of control—and it stinks.

"Within a month we'll have them in convenience stores throughout Beverly Hills!"

BUCKY BEAVER'S April Fools' Prank Ideas

Replace the white filling in Oreo cookies with toothpaste. Or, if you're feeling nasty, cum.

Bucky Beaver hangs with Larry Flynt and contract gals Mya Luanna (far left), Memphis Monroe, Nikki Nine and Shy Love. Right: Theresa Flynt and our pesky mascot.

A dual aphrodisiac: the Barbi Twins.

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

OUR FURRY MASCOT Bucky Beaver was hard to miss as HUSTLER Video celebrated the release of its megabudget epic *Aphrodisiac*. As hundreds of porn luminaries and special guests had a great time, Bucky mingled with Larry Flynt's contract vixens—Mya Luanna, Nikki Nine, Shy Love and *Aphrodisiac* star Memphis Monroe—plus first daughter Theresa Flynt and the man himself. Also on hand was a pair of modeling legends, the still-very-sexy Barbi Twins.

A real party animal, Bucky drank too much free champagne and ended up going home with some fat chick. Look for *Aphrodisiac* at HustlerHollywood.com and adult-video stores nationwide.

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S SELECTION is Bianca de la Garza from Fox25 News in Boston. Since the hottie looks a little like Téa Leoni (the airy actress married to David Duchovny of *The X-Files* fame), make sure you don't grab the wrong remote while watching her deliver the news. Thanks to J.M. for sending talking head Bianca our way.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is printed here, you'll receive a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

PORN FROM THE PAST

THANKS AND $150 go to M.D. of Bucyrus, Missouri, for this busty balloonist. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your submission returned.

"The hardest thing in the world to understand is income tax." —ALBERT EINSTEIN, GENIUS

"What is the difference between a tax collector and a taxidermist? The taxidermist takes only your skin." —MARK TWAIN, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Bo Derek* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WHY ARE WE PUTTING a prick in Bo Derek's mouth? Maybe it's because some of us didn't work here in the 1970s, during the height of her popularity. Maybe it's because the onetime 10 is making a comeback with that *Fashion House* TV show and still looks hot at 50. Or maybe it's because she's a Republican, and this is the only way to stop her from talking about things she knows nothing about—like politics. Either way, Bo Derek looks awesome with a cock in her mouth.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Bo Derek actually exists—as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

CELEBRITIES WHO ARE DEAD, BUT STILL MAKE MORE MONEY THAN WE DO.

KURT COBAIN
That corpse smells like big money.

ELVIS PRESLEY
He's a Hunka Hunka Earnin' Love.

CHARLES SCHULZ
No longer alive and still making *Peanuts*.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

WHAT HAPPENED IN OHIO?

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

▶CRACK REPORTERS Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman—authors of HUSTLER's two-part exposé on election fraud in Ohio (July and August '06)—have exhaustively outlined how Bush and his cronies stole the 2004 election by rigging the critical swing state in their book, co-written with Steven Rosenfeld. From ballot-tampering to voter suppression, the hard evidence shows that GOP goons were undermining our democracy just when we needed it most.

In this issue, Harvey Wasserman reveals who is trying to kill wind power and why (pages 106-107).

Send to all employees of your business an e-mail stating that due to cutbacks, everyone is fired. This is really hilarious, unless it happens at HUSTLER. That's just not funny.
HUSTLER

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

O'Reilly responding on how he'd deal with bloggers who are critical of him.

NEWSBITES

In a Pickle

Some people save love letters; others refuse to part with photographs or other mementos of their devotion. A German widow took preserving memories to the extreme when she chopped off her dead husband's penis so she could have it pickled. She was arrested after a nurse witnessed the hausfrau leaving a hospital with the dismembered member wrapped in foil and stuffed in a lunch box. When questioned by police, the bereaved 65-year-old commented that the penis was hubby's best asset and that she wanted to have something to remember him by. Hey, officers, leave the lonely lady be. She really loved that dick!

Fuck Music

Musical condoms can now be purchased in Ukraine. When placed on an erect penis, the prophylactic starts to play a melody through a tiny speaker at the base of the rubber. Responding to the intensity of sexual activity, the music gets louder and faster as the wearer approaches climax. Yes, a cock can sing!

He's Pissed

Witnesses and police in Upstate New York were baffled after a man hopped onto a conveyor belt at a ShopRite supermarket and urinated in a cashier's money till. The golden shower hombre immediately fled and remains at large. The big question is why did he do such a callous stunt? Maybe the dude was just tired of waiting in the 12-items-or-less line behind a crazy cat lady with 13 bags of Meow Mix? Or maybe he was mad that the store stopped offering double coupons? Or maybe, just maybe, the guy really had to take a piss?

Put It in Her Mouth

Speaking of pee, a Dutch McDonald's was forced to remove two of its urinals after several tourists complained that the fixtures were shaped like bright-red female lips around a mouth. The manager of the fast-food franchise said he was sad to take down the urinals, named "Kisses," because they were actually works of art. (They are now headed to the auction block.) We may not know art, but a piss receptacle shaped like a woman's mouth? I'm lovin' it!

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

▶WE LOVE A GOOD GAME OF GRAB ASS! Thanks to Joe's Jeans for erecting this billboard at a bustling corner in Los Angeles, thereby supplying our latest found porn.

KOMPLETE KIDS

FROM 1988 TO 1994, with *The Kids in the Hall* show, Canadian sketch comics Dave Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Mark McKinney, Scott Thompson and Kevin McDonald made late-night television a whole lot funnier. Now all five seasons of the cult classic—produced by Lorne Michaels (*Saturday Night Live*)—are available on DVD.

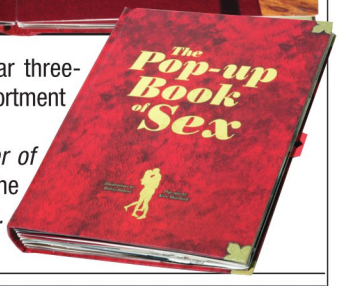
"THE KIDS EXCEL AT TAKING FAMILIAR SITUATIONS AND RENDERING THEM BIZARRE." -ROLLING STONE
the KIDS in the HALL
COMPLETE SERIES
MEGASET
1989-1994
Starring Dave Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney, and Scott Thompson
DVD

Impersonate a doctor and call a friend with news that he or she has VD. Or better yet, first give someone VD, then make the call.

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"
"If I had known they were made by a Third World child-labor sweatshop, I never would have bought them."

"They said I live in a wonderful country and should pay my taxes with a smile! I tried, but they insisted on CASH!" —MEL NARVEY, WRITER

POPPING UP!



THE POP-UP BOOK OF SEX offers an adults-only twist on the popular three-dimensional tomes we all enjoyed as kids. This nasty novelty brings an assortment of sexual positions and fantasies to eye-popping life.

For a slightly spookier collection, check out *Alfred Hitchcock: Master of Suspense*. This cool chronicle gives the 3-D paper treatment to some of the thriller maestro's greatest films, including *Vertigo*, *Psycho* and *The Birds*.

Both intriguing volumes are available at bookstores now.

LARRY FLYNT inks a deal with his latest contract star, Nikki Nine. The 18-year-old Californian will do photo-spreads and adult films exclusively for HUSTLER. We proudly welcome Nikki to the family and look forward to ogling her body of work in the near future.

What's Wrong With This Picture?

THE GOP LAPDOGS at Fox News tried to pass Mark Foley off as a Democrat. Under the disgraced lawmaker's image they repeatedly placed an erroneous party affiliation in an apparent effort to convince viewers that Foley wasn't a Republican. Sorry, guys, he's one of yours.

THE WORLD OF HUSTLER

THE HUSTLER LIFESTYLE IS HERE!

HustlerWorld.com

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
Hustler.com
BarelyLegal.com
BustyBeauties.com
HustlersTaboo.com
HometownGirls.com
AsianFever.com

VIDEO ON DEMAND
HustlerVOD.com

LIVE VIDEO CHAT + WEBCASTS
HustlerLive.com
BarelyLegalLive.com

AFFILIATE MARKETING
HustlerCash.com
HustlerContent.com

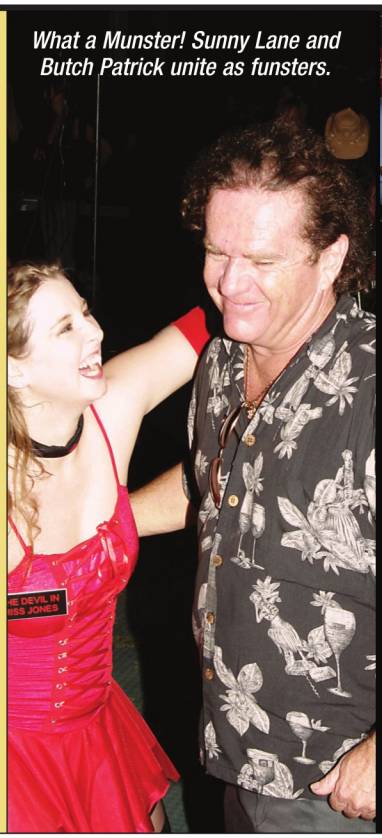
RETAIL
HustlerHollywood.com

ONLINE GAMING
HustlerCasino.com

INFORMATION SITES
LarryFlynt.com
HustlerBarAndGrille.com
HustlerCasinoLA.com
HustlerClubs.com
HustlerClothingUS.com

"Be wary of a strong drink. It can make you shoot at tax collectors...and miss." —ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, AUTHOR

Replace your buddy's salt with saltpeter on a night he has a big date. Then, when the guy can't get it up, step in and fuck his girl.
HUSTLER



What a Munster! Sunny Lane and Butch Patrick unite as funsters.

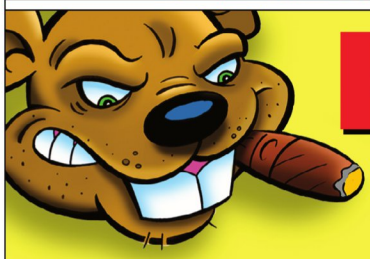
ALWAYS IN FASHION

A CONTINGENT OF FORMER TELEVISION STARS and current porn queens recently got to mix and mingle at one of Hollywood's most unlikely gatherings. Arrow Productions (the distributor of XXX classics) and Charades Costumes teamed up to throw a shindig that featured Sunny Lane and other hard-core jezebels dressed as characters from the legendary *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Debbie Does Dallas.*

Among the boob-tube dignitaries on hand were Jeff Conaway (*Taxi*), Butch Patrick (Eddie Munster) and *Leave It to Beaver*'s Ken Osmond (Eddie Haskell) and Frank Bank (Lumpy).

*Sunny Lane crosses paths with Jeff Conaway of **Taxi** fame.*

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS



HUSTLER'S

Betcha didn't know... PARIS HILTON

Quick Quiz #1

What was the name of the TV series that starred Paris and Nicole Richie?

a) *Dumb and Dumber*
b) *Cunts in the Country*
c) *Twats in a Truck*

Answer: Who cares.

Fun Fact #2

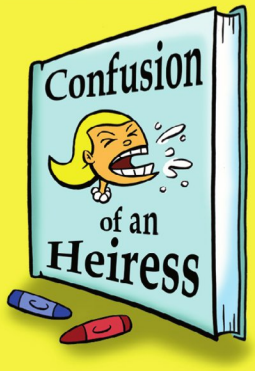
Paris's 2006 single "Stars Are Blind" peaked at #6 on the Billboard charts, proving that her fans are deaf.

Paris Puzzle!

Can you tell which one is the fake Paris Hilton?

Fun Fact #3

Did you know that Paris's 2004 book was so compelling, most readers were able to finish it in about an hour with one box of crayons if they stayed inside the lines?



Fun Fact #1

Rumor has it that if you slow down the infamous sex tape, you can actually see the herpes spreading from Paris to Rick Solomon. (With the night vision, it should look like an illegal border crossing!)

Top Secret!

Scientists were able to combine the aromas of coconut oil, margaritas and Richard Hilton's balls for Paris's new women's perfume.

"April 1st: This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364." — MARK TWAIN, AUTHOR

THE MOST DISGUSTING, TASTELESS, VILE CARTOON EVER PUBLISHED BY HUSTLER MAGAZINE!

GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY" BY LITTLE RICHARD

Good golly, Miss Molly sure likes to ball.
Good golly, Miss Molly, why don't you give us a call?
When you're naked and you're screwin', we're down the hall.

From the early morning till the early night
We love watching you strip down, with your body so tight.
Good golly, Miss Molly sure likes to ball.
See, your ass is just perfect, and your tits aren't too small.

Well, now your papa told us: "Y'all better watch your way."
But we had to tell your daddy, that Miss Molly we're gonna lay.
Good golly, Miss Molly sure likes to ball.
When you're ridin' our cock, they'll hear you screamin' in the hall.

We are going to the corner to buy some condoms now.
Then we'll rush to your couch, and your pussy we'll plow.
Good golly, Miss Molly sure likes to ball.
When you're suckin' and a-fuckin', you won't hear your daddy call.

Good golly, Miss Molly sure likes to ball.
Good golly, Miss Molly, why don't you give us a call?
When you're naked and you're screwin', we're right down the hall.

SEX BUZZ

JON'S LONG, THICK COCK STOOD FULLY ERECT. Fat and beautiful, it glistened with my spit. I took one last loving lick from his nut sac all the way up to his piss slit. Then I crawled on top of the boy, rubbing my titties, my belly, my fuzz on his shaft before finally guiding his dick cap between my labes. *Mmmm.* Damn, that felt good! His slammer filled me up completely. It was bigger and better than any I'd ever had. Then again, in my 22 years I'd only had three, but still…

We were crammed into the back camper shell of a pickup truck, with Jon's friend Alan behind the wheel, driving us back from Canada. Every time that pickup hit a bump, my head hit the top of the camper shell, Jon's dick hit my clit, and sparks exploded in my pussy.

I'd only met Jon two days earlier. I'd been thumbing and bumming across Canada for a couple of months—my college graduation present to myself—and Jon and Allen had picked me up over by Ottawa. It wasn't until we were about half an hour from the border at Niagara that I found out about the hashish the boys had stowed in the side panels. *Stupid fucks.* That's what my head said, but for some reason, the danger turned my body on, made my cunt gush like the fuckin' falls.

Up till now my life had been completely sedate, totally boring: Catholic girls' school, followed by some tiny backwoods religious college my parents had found, straight-A student, president of the debate club. Boring! If only my parents could see me now.

Ten minutes from the border, Jon was suckling on one of my titty buds, his fat fuckstick jamming into my quim. I was so close. I could feel the climax welling up in me. Then, all of a sudden, *whack!* Jon's hand landed hard on my ass. "Fuck, yes, Jon, spank me! I'm such a bad girl!" Well, I *wanted* to be a bad girl. His palm landed again and again, one butt cheek, then the other, then my ass crack. I could feel my flesh burn red-hot. Still, he didn't let up. *Smack, smack, smack!* And I was coming all over his big cock, my girl jizz streaming over his nut sac. *Whack!* Jon didn't stop, and my orgasm went multiple! Who knew sex could be this fuckin' good?!

I was seriously delirious—moaning, crying out, pounding his chest. My hot pussy clutched his jackhammer over and over till suddenly the boy went rigid, and I felt his warm semen splash deep inside me.

That's when the camper door was flung open, and we blinked against the sunlight, into the eyes of a customs official. He blinked back at a couple of naked kids fucking right in front of him. I don't know—maybe this was all a part of Jon's plan—to distract the powers-that-be from the drugs.

I guess it worked, 'cause that customs official just asked us the usual citizenship and purpose-of-visit questions, made us dig out our passports and sent us on our merry way. The whole time he was smirking, probably thinking about the story he was going to tell his wife that night, about the sex it might inspire. My heart was pounding in my throat. I don't believe I've ever felt quite so scared, exhilarated and alive—all at the same time!

Jon and I celebrated with a big bowl of hashish, a little pussy-licking and a blowjob. I had never been a fan of 69ing. I'd always found both sex acts at once too distracting. But that day—and maybe it was the hash buzz—everything slowed down enough for me to concentrate on every single cock-lick, enjoy every single clit-flick. We took our time, lapping and licking all the way to Buffalo. Jon climaxed once—I rocketed over the top three more times!

I said goodbye to the boys at the Greyhound depot, and we promised to e-mail. Then I climbed aboard the bus and sank back into my seat for some sweet, much-needed sleep.

Now don't get me wrong. I'm definitely not suggesting smuggling to anyone! And I'm sure as fuck not crazy enough to try it again, but I'm so glad I did it once. It was dangerously exciting. Fact is, I'm masturbating as I write this. Hope you are too. — F.R.

MASSAPEQUA, NEW YORK

"Aw, quit yer bitchin'. I told you I was faster than a speeding bullet!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

ALL LANE
INFORMATION
SUP
PAY
STOP
TOLL

BY MARC MADOW

ACCESS DENIED

The death of network neutrality could mark the end of the Internet's First Amendment.

ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA

The Internet is true democracy in action, giving everyone with access a voice. But what would happen if giant telecommunication companies were to act as cyberspace gatekeepers? What if Big Business decided which Web sites load quickly and which ones load slowly? What if your Internet service provider (ISP), in cahoots with Big Business, picked the search engine you use? What would happen if bribed politicians and free-market advocates were to do away with network neutrality—the controversial first principle of the Internet that keeps everything equal?

Here's what would happen: The corrupt powers-that-be would have ultimate control over what gets online, thereby affecting the information you receive.

Nobody will feel this global change more than the journalists of the world. In today's climate of fear, print and TV reporters critical of the Bush Administration have become targets of a witch hunt. As a consequence, most have fallen silent. Bloggers—which include online news observers and pontificators—have become the new guerrilla warriors against tyranny. At a time when we most need accurate reporting, the real news is often ignored, consistently underplayed, sometimes disappearing altogether.

Why? Because the global corporate media ignore news that their corporate bosses and/or the Administration deem "un-American." Respected mainstream journalists have been reduced to whispering leaks to alternative news outlets and online opinion-shapers, who then do the real reporting. With net neutrality heading over a cliff, Web-based muckrakers could also be silenced.

Whether you like it or not, much of the job of exposing corruption has come down to Internet pioneers like independent investigator Dave Lindorff, who called public attention to the TIPS home-grown spy program in 2002 and who also exposed the notorious "no-fly lists." If you've heard about the glitch-ridden voting machines being used in this country's elections, you likely got your info from blogs like BradBlog.com.

In fact, online student activists using anonymous Web portals were some of the first to expose how rotten things were with Diebold, one of the major makers of electronic voting machines. But unfettered campaigns like this may soon be a thing of the past if the telecoms get their way.

Ever hear the saying "If it ain't broke, don't fix it"? The telecoms could benefit from that advice. In the first 30-odd years of the Internet's existence, ISPs acted as trucks (carrying your packets of information), and all traffic was the same. The Web was like a highway with a single speed limit regardless of whose cargo it was carrying, where it was headed or what was being shipped. All users and sites were equal.

The Internet's First Amendment was working perfectly. But unlike the Constitution's First Amendment, net neutrality was an unwritten law—the easiest kind to repeal—so lawmakers recommended legislation be put into effect. Just as America's founders insisted on having the Bill of Rights written into the Constitution, net neutrality advocates wanted a few "Thou Shalt Not" regulations spelled out in the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) Telecommunications Act of 1996.

Advocates of regulation include the liberal media and many large Internet companies like Google. They claim that telecom providers are making a power grab to unfairly profit from investments, in turn violating antitrust laws and discriminating against users. Opponents of regulation include large telecom carriers, network parts manufacturers and free-market advocacy groups like the Cato Institute. They argue that net neutrality laws are unnecessary and counterproductive. Whom do you believe?

As evidence of the skullduggery involved here, FCC Chairman Kevin Martin spent the year 2006 making speeches at industry trade shows, as well as at his reconfirmation hearing, assuring us that we don't need rules to guarantee net neutrality. His antineutrality case is based on the laughable proposition that self-regulation will be enough to curb corporate greed. Martin would have us believe that only one case of abuse has occurred so far, which is highly arguable. Rather than take preventative measures, he prefers to wait until another major abuse happens, which the FCC—with its notoriously unenforceable rules—will then handle in its flabby, halfhearted way.

Actually, the FCC had already done a number on the net neutrality principle with its August 2005 policy statement (FCC 05-151), which defined the Internet not as a common carrier accommodating all traffic, but as a passive, one-way medium like cable TV. Just as a cable company chooses the programming it offers, the way was cleared for broadband providers to pick the Web content they would carry. The Supreme Court followed up with a ruling in *National Cable & Telecommunications Assoc.* v. *Brand X Internet Services*, saying net neutrality

enforcement would violate the First Amendment rights of ISPs. A year-long moratorium was introduced, holding up further legislation until the spring of 2006, and the concept of regulated network neutrality was left dangling precariously.

How will your life be affected if net neutrality regulations are defeated? Your favorite search engines might work slower. Your ISP will offer varying qualities of service, allowing the search engine that's paid them off to run faster. You may be told you can't have more than two computers on your home network. E-mail will arrive late, sometimes not at all. Web sites with helpful information will vanish. You will be turned away from familiar music download sites and steered to higher-priced venues. AOL might allow surcharge-paying junk mail to override your spam filter.

In the spring of 2006, things began to heat up with the introduction of the Communications Opportunity Promotion and Enhancement Act. As usual, the legislation's title proclaimed good intentions, but its real purpose was sinister. It actually wanted to create tiers of access to the Internet. With the approval of an Internet caste system, Congress has opened the way for hierarchical and abusive business practices. Telecoms will favor their own content and services over those of their competitors.

Net neutrality's biggest, baddest opponents are AT&T, Verizon and BellSouth, who all seek to solidify the symbiotic relationship between business, government and the military. To further their agenda, the telecoms have set up "astroturf" groups—bogus grassroots organizations in populist masks. Groups like Hands Off the Internet, DontRegulate.org and TV4US are merely cool-sounding phonies that have even fooled pro-net-neutrality sites into giving them screen real estate. These tools of the enemy claim that the Internet should be free from all regulation, which sounds good.

What these groups actually want is government deregulation of the corporations that will control the content for everybody else. While corporations *(continued on page 46)*

INTERNET CENSORSHIP

The government is like a club owner who hires the telecoms as bouncers. For a paycheck, the bouncer throws out anybody the boss doesn't like, and as a perk, he gets to throw out anybody he doesn't like too. Censorship takes many forms, often sneaky, and there are times when you'll just never know. Web sites disrespectful toward current politicians and policies have lost their advertising for mysterious reasons.

Without warning, Hotmail shut down the account of Frank Dorrel, stating that he had been sending out "objectionable material"—information about the video *What I've Learned About U.S. Foreign Policy* and the book *Addicted to War*, as well as announcements of upcoming antiwar and anti-Bush events. The Web site Yellow Times was axed by its ISP, Vortech, for showing dead Iraqis and Americans. Administrators of Wikipedia, the encyclopedia anyone can edit, have trimmed and rejected material from the Scholars for 9/11 Truth organization.

Groups like MoveOn.org and Downsize DC teach us how to keep the government from trashing every last shred of our liberty and pursuit of happiness. Both groups would be hit hard by a tiered Internet.

Loompanics Unlimited was as energetic as any citizens' group in speaking up for our endangered rights—from free speech to gun ownership. When the book company wanted to buy ad space from Google, Amazon and eBay, all three said no.

The nanny program I-Gear is supposed to protect children and employees from sex, hate speech, the occult and so on. Turns out, it also blocks sites focusing on electronic privacy and censorship. Porn-blocking software hid a Pennsylvania school's Web site from applicants. Known for decades as Beaver College (seriously), the institution ultimately had to change its name. Fortunately, there are anticensorship programs that help Web surfers around the globe to defeat censorship and bring HustlerWorld.com to their screens.

Cranberry and cherry farmers found that even the Food and Drug Administration wanted to get into the Web censorship game. The FDA's angle is, if you say something is good for people, it automatically becomes a drug. Thus, fruit growers were told to remove health benefit claims from their online literature.

Not all examples of corporate censorship are limited to the Internet. Viacom (the parent company of CBS) wouldn't let MoveOn.org buy an ad slot during the 2004 Super Bowl. The young, who are traditionally the champions of peace and keepers of conscience, were denied the chance to hear Not in Our Name's message because MTV refused to sell airtime to the antiwar group.

The electronic medium of the Internet is astonishingly easy to censor. It's not like burning books, where the smoke rises into the sky, and there are at least some ashes left. On the Web, when it's gone, it's gone. ■

SCREEN NAME:

KELLI BAKER

AGE: 28

CURRENTLY RESIDES IN: Toronto, Canada

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 3,000

Canada is a great neighbor. We give them acid rain. They give us beauties like this. Primarily a fashion and swimsuit model, Kelli poses for "tasteful nudes" every now and then. The fun-loving hottie, whose wildest fantasy is "making love underneath a waterfall," enjoys shooting pool, horseback riding and watching her beloved Maple Leafs play hockey. As for her favorite *sexual* position, she exclaims, "I like a large variety!" When it comes to intimacy, Kelli definitely knows what she wants. The breathtaking Canadian used to write a relationship-advice column for men. Now she gets suggestive offers from horny fans every day on MySpace. For more modest nudes of Kelli, check out her Web site (KelliOnline.com) or visit MySpace.com/KelliOnline.

THE GIRLS OF M

BY TYLER DOWNEY

YSPACE #2: KELLI

PHOTOS BY DAN OLEK

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

The Art of LORENZO SPERLONGA

LorenzoSperlonga.com

HANK WILLIAM

RUNNING WITH THE

IF YOU CUT HANK WILLIAMS III (a/k/a Hank Three), he bleeds rebel country. As grandson of country music great Hank Williams and son of rowdy Hank Williams Jr., he can't help it. Rather than solely relying on the family name or simply hitting up his rich pappy for cash, Hank III has spent more than a decade trying to carve out his own unconventional musical niche called country-metal—a patented blend of Western and hard rock. He's made a name for himself too, with albums like the critically acclaimed *Lovesick Broke & Driftin'* and with concerts that draw thousands of fans.

While on tour to promote his latest CD (*Straight to Hell*), the maverick musician took time out to talk about everything from Americans' waning freedoms to Shooter Jennings (the son of country icon Waylon Jennings), the Dixie Chicks and a coven of witches.

HUSTLER: Coming from a bloodline of country legends, do you feel a lot of pressure to succeed?

HANK WILLIAMS III: No comment.

Has anyone ever asked you if you were "ready for some football, Hank?!" And, as a follow-up, did you look him in the eye and bitch-slap him?

No comment.

Do people still fuck with you because of your family ties?

I get fucked with every night on the Hank Jr. thing and the "Hank Williams is rolling over in his grave" stuff. Or "How can you fucking play that shit?" We've been beaten up and thrown out of clubs for playing our music. Especially back in the days when we played the "Boot Scootin' Boogie" joints. Because we bring out a certain country-metal breed, rowdy motherfucking drinking fans.

Tell us about the new CD.

It's called *Straight to Hell*, and you should all listen to it.

How do you feel about being the first country artist to release a record with a parental advisory sticker?

I feel proud. I had to fight in court for years just to be myself.

Like Shooter Jennings, you've been called the next-generation country outlaw. What does that term mean to you?

I like the term *rebel* more than *outlaw*. It's someone who marches to his own drum and doesn't give a fuck what others think. Just because Shooter got into country after his dad died don't make him an outlaw! In fact, it makes him more of a pussy. Don't forget, he's still got *momma* telling him what to do. In ten years he might be worth a fuck. In the meantime, I've been out on the road fighting and beating the road down for my fans and my own niche for over 15

MS III

DEVIL

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

years. Not waiting for it to be easy and given to me. Please do not compare me to that bitch.

All right then. Do you admire Larry Flynt?

Yep. I respect all the hard work Mr. Flynt and HUSTLER have done over the years to keep against the system. If Mr. Flynt was the President, maybe America might be the land of the free again.

What do you think of mainstream country acts like the Dixie Chicks?

I think they need to do a video with strap-ons fucking each other in the ass with a Bush mask on.

Where do you stand politically?

Politically I don't stand anywhere because we the people don't matter. I've never been political because they didn't want my vote due to a federal offense. If the people's vote mattered, simple marijuana and hemp would be legal. Speed limits would go away. If the people's say really mattered, Americans wouldn't be as uptight and fucking anal as they are.

What do you think about the war on drugs and the war in Iraq?

Basically you are never, ever gonna win the war on drugs. Ever. So you have to treat it like a fucking disease. Then why not worry about half of our veterans who are wandering the streets with no fucking homes while you're sending fresh troops over there who are getting their arms blown off and taking bullets to the head? Here at home they take away our freedom more and more every goddamn day. That's the sickening part of it. We have been at war [in Iraq] well over 1,500 days now. Why? Look at our country 15 years ago, when you could go to a rock show, sit in the parking lot, have a case of beer and smoke ten joints before you head in the fucking door. But that shit don't go down anymore. Not allowed.

Everybody's gotta beat on everybody else's door and tell them, "You can't do this!" This war is like a security guard trying to control a mosh pit. You don't do that.

How would *you* handle the war?

Worry about America. Wake up, you fucks, and get real!

How's the current tour?

The tour is like a never-ending beating.

Ever trash a hotel room?

Yes, I have. And I've been busted by Ozzy [Osbourne] for smoking pot. Just so you know.

Got any good hangover cures?

Yeah. Pedialyte, painkillers and a joint might start ya on your way to feeling better.

Have you ever woken up in a puddle of something?

No, I haven't. I've never even blacked out. Not once!

What musical artists do you listen to?

I listen to everything from Sleep to The Saints to Sunn O))) to Jimmy Martin to death metal, black metal and hard-core. Too much to list.

Hit us with a groupie story.

I got many groupie stories. There seems to be an endless supply of road ass out here. You ever talk to anybody that's had a coven of witches?

Can't say we have.

That's probably a highlight of my life, having four ladies at my disposal at the same time. They came over to the house for a few days, and I participated in their rituals. They were white witches, not black ones, and they gave freely. And It happened not too long ago. Doing the 666-thing and being pals with Stanton LaVey (*grandson of Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey*) opened up a whole world of fun.

Do you actively participate in the whole Satanic worship thing?

As Stanton would say, "That show would not have happened without my involvement. The devil granted me in many different ways."

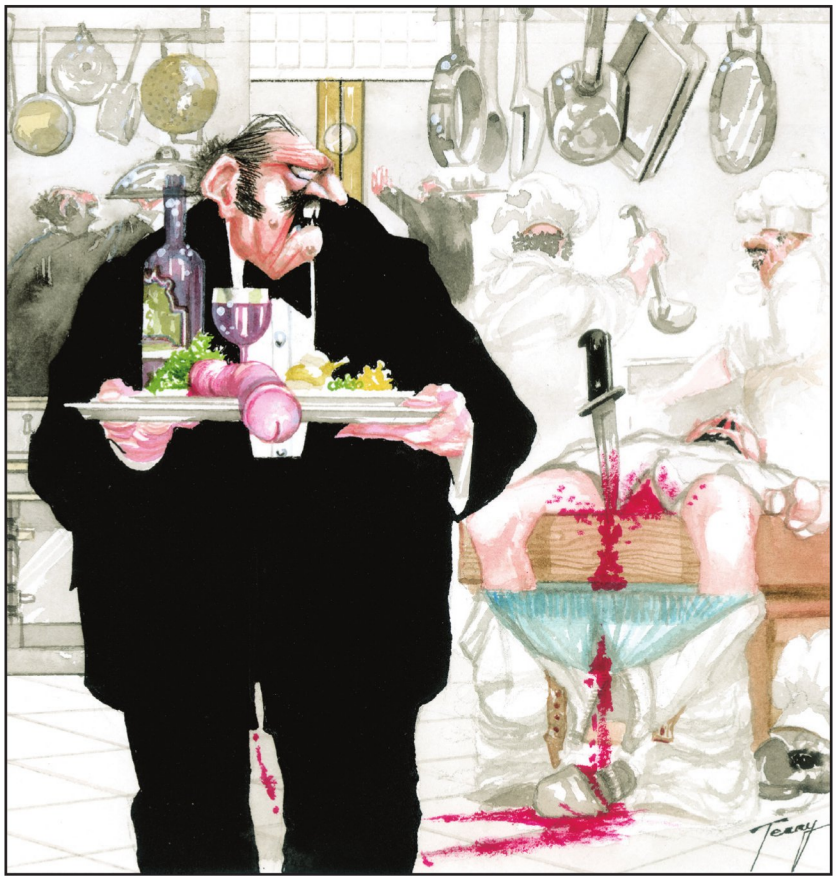
Any other messages you want to get out there?

Taylor Rain, will you marry me?

Everybody loves HUSTLER—especially country music rebel Hank Williams III.

PHOTOS BY BILL ROSS

"You sick bastard. You taught him how to do *that!*"



"When a customer requests coq au vin, he gets coq au vin!"

(continued from page 39) reward their cronies with perks like faster transmission speeds and prominent portal placement, users will pay more money for worsening service. Internet providers want to carve up the information superhighway and turn it into a series of toll roads so they can be the gatekeepers. "Pay up," they demand, "or be banished to the slow lane…the shoulder…the ditch."

The telecoms sell the idea that net neutrality is a liberal plot to let the government take over the Internet and control content and prices. But this is exactly what the telecoms want to do! They claim a First Amendment right to *not* promote speech they disagree with—but free speech rights are for citizens, not corporations.

Not everyone likes government regulation, but in this case, legislation is inevitable. Since the original COPE Act failed to be that legislation, a number of bills, counterbills and amendments have wended their way through various Congressional committees. Each time, it becomes more likely that there won't be one big, all-inclusive decision on net neutrality. Instead, the most likely scenario is an ongoing series of challenges. The telecoms will be allowed free rein until one of them goes too far, at which time FCC Chairman Martin's "case-by-case" solution will kick in. But even if the corporate giants lose the first round, we can be sure they will be back for another try.

The Save the Internet coalition demands an outcome that is meaningful, enforceable, democratic and cooperative. It calls for unhampered communication and commerce—a level playing field. There is a way to make the telecoms act in the public interest, and it begins on Capitol Hill. As the Democrats take over Congress, we need to be vigilant in promoting laws that grant equal treatment to data, users, applications and services. It is a new era of communication, and markets need to be supported, not distorted, by the global network.

Millions of Americans get their news from the Internet daily. In cyberspace the telecoms wield their power undetected. We need all the safeguards we can get.

Based in Southern California, Marc Madow first experienced free speech activism when discharged by the Navy for criticizing the Vietnam War. He wrote Pikes Peak Race to the Clouds, was American correspondent for the German magazine Auto Motor und Sport and made the documentary film The Rhythm of Venice Beach. Currently, Madow is Content Producer for the alternative news and opinion Web site Earthblog.net.

NIKKI NINE & MARLIE MOORE

A DRIVING PASS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

ION

How did Nikki Nine, one of our newest contract girls (and only 18), end up in HUSTLER? “Well, I wanted to get in originally when I broke up with a boyfriend,” the lanky brunette explains. “He had a subscription to the magazine, and I knew he’d see me.” Giggling, she taunts, “I hope he likes it!”

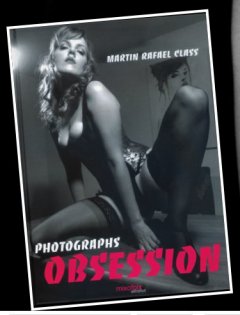
By going straight into porn right after graduating from high school, the California girl also has to cope with how her family feels about the decision. “My mom had a problem with it at first,” Nikki says, “but she respects my decision to do this and totally supports me. She’s the coolest.”

As expected, Nikki isn't shy when it comes to our favorite subject. "I love sex," she goes on, "and I don't mind talking about it. I'm into both guys and girls, for different reasons. I like it when a guy bangs me doggy-style. I need my man to be super aggressive in the bedroom, and I'm willing to do anything to please a dude I'm into. I once even gave a boyfriend a rimjob because he wanted me to. I love sex with girls for the romance because they are *so-o-o-o* sensual."

Recalling her desert hijinks with blond Marlie Moore, Nikki is ecstatic. "It was great! I love eating pussy, and I worked with her before [*doing online porn*]. Marlie tastes great, and we have a lot of fun when we're together. We clown around and laugh our asses off."

When not working, Nikki enjoys dirt-biking, camping and hanging out with friends. Looking forward to a bright future at HUSTLER, Nikki proclaims, "I'm really thrilled to be part of this family, and I can't wait to start doing adult films. I hope that ex is sorry now."

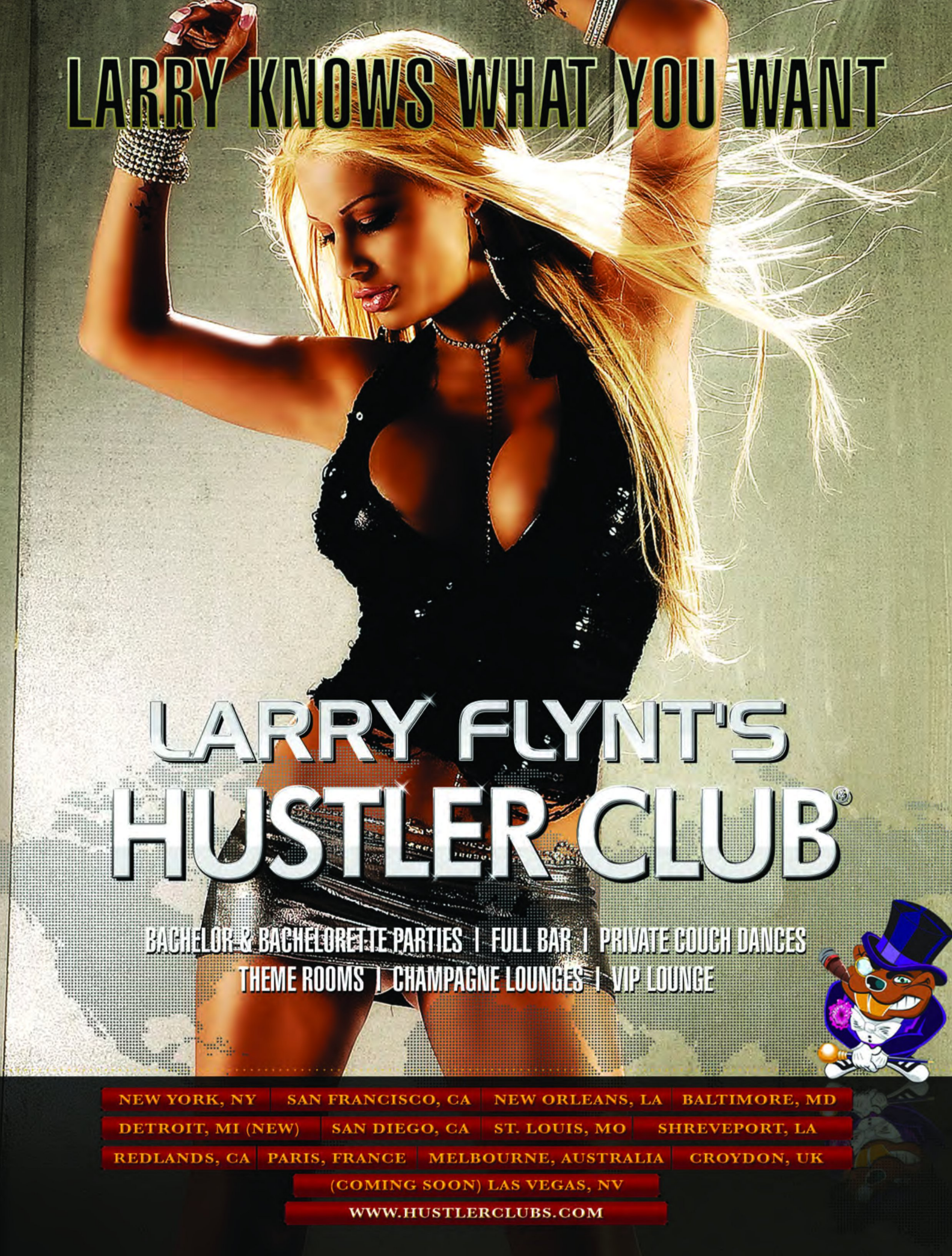
BOOK REVIEW BY
KEITH VALCOURT



TIE ME UP, TIE ME DOWN

IS THERE ANYTHING MORE AROUSING than a woman who's been tied up and strapped down? If anyone knows, it's Chicago lensman Martin Rafael Class. In his new 160-page hardcover treasure trove *Obsession*, the gifted auteur presents a bevy of vixens posing in various states of undress and bondage. The photos are meticulously lit and framed, resulting in a finished product that looks uniquely vintage and retro. Whether you're into hard-core BDSM or casual kink, this artsy tome is the perfect addition to any erotica collection. Available at adult-book stores or **MixOfPix.com.**

PHOTOS BY MARTIN RAFAEL CLASS


LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE
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NEW ORLEANS, LA
BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW)
SAN DIEGO, CA
ST. LOUIS, MO
SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA
PARIS, FRANCE
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

CONFESSIONS OF A WHISTL

LEBLOWER

BY BRUCE DAVID AND MARK JOHNSON

INSIDER PETER ROST BLOWS THE LID OFF THE DIRTY-DEALING PHARMACEUTICALS INDUSTRY.

PHOTO BY JULIANA THOMAS

FIVE YEARS AGO Dr. Peter Rost was at the top of his game. As a vice-president of marketing at the world's largest drug company, the fast-rising executive was pulling a six-figure salary. He and his family had a comfortable life. Unfortunately for him, Dr. Rost also had a conscience.

While an executive at Pharmacia—which would soon be taken over by pharmagiant Pfizer—Dr. Rost filed a false claims suit, alleging that the company was defrauding Medicare by illegally marketing its profitable growth hormone as an anti-aging drug. Rost asserted that employees who didn't play along were terminated and that distributors and doctors had received tens of thousands of dollars in kickbacks.

When the case was unsealed in 2005, Rost was fired. Now embroiled in a suit against Pfizer for wrongful dismissal, Rost is speaking out. The M.D.'s new book, *The Whistleblower: Confessions of a Healthcare Hitman*, details the perils of going up against today's powerful multinationals.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to write a book?

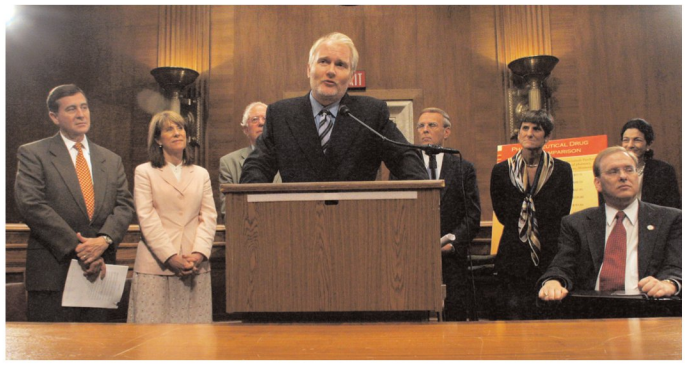
DR. PETER ROST: I wanted to tell my story. When I lost my job, all my friends probably wondered what the heck happened. So writing the book was my way of telling everybody the full story.

I became a whistleblower because I couldn't just walk away. This was about winning. This was about proving who was right and who was wrong.

According to your book, most drug industry executives care more about profit than health. Why aren't you one of them?

Usually, you don't have to make the choices I had to make. As long as you're middle management, you don't see too much of the stuff that's going on. But as soon as you enter the senior level, a lot of things cross your desk that make you go, "Wow!" At that point you have to decide: Do you want to stay ethical, or do you want to play the game?

I figured if the misconduct is something you can go to jail over, that's pretty black and white. I didn't think anybody would have a problem with me trying to stop those things. I guess I was wrong.



In 2005, while still a Pfizer executive, Dr. Peter Rost appeared at Congressional hearings to testify on the benefits of drug re-importation. By the end of that year, Pfizer fired him.

Listen, nobody wants to become a whistleblower. It's like that song "Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys." Don't let them grow up to be whistleblowers, because there's absolutely no benefit to it.

What would have happened to you if you hadn't blown the whistle?

I was in charge of marketing for Pharmacia's growth hormone Genotropin, which the company was marketing as an anti-aging drug. Nobody told me about that when I took the job. And when I found out, I realized if we got caught, it might not be just a fine; it could be jail time.

Some drugs are considered so dangerous—growth hormones, for instance—that Congress has put into play special laws that make it a felony to distribute them for purposes that the Food and Drug Administration hasn't approved.

But companies don't go to jail; people do. Nobody's responsible for business practices already going on when you join the company. But once you discover unethical or illegal practices, you really have only three choices: You can quit, you can join the conspiracy, or you can take action.

If you join the conspiracy, you are going to be liable. Since I didn't want to quit or go to jail, I had to take action.

Why isn't the FDA cracking down on these violations of their rules?

Basically, the FDA regards the drug companies as clients. It's less and less a regulatory agency and more and more a partner with the drug companies. It's just as hard to get a drug off the market as it is to get a drug on the market because it means the FDA has to admit they screwed up. Basically, nobody's looking out for the American people. That's because the American people aren't the ones paying for the political apparatus—the corporations are.

What about whistleblower protection laws? Do they work?

It's true we have all these wonderful laws. But once the company has broken those laws, once they have retaliated against you for blowing the whistle, you have to go to court and prove they did something wrong. That can take years. Justice delayed is justice denied. Pfizer fired me, so I sued them. But by the time the litigation is taken care of, years will have passed. In the meantime you have to support yourself and move on with your life.

The hard part about the drug business is that it's a rather small sector. There are only about ten or so major drug companies. Everybody knows everybody. It's like the mob. You talk, you're dead. You don't work again.

What kind of retaliation did you experience at Pfizer?

When I worked at Pfizer, the first thing that happened was they moved away my employees one by one. I had a group of about 70 people, and they all disappeared. Eventually, it was just me and my secretary. At the very end we were the only ones left in an entire building that had housed maybe 500 people. Then guys with hard hats came in and tore down office walls around us, and we were left in the middle. Finally, they put me in a corner office, right next to corporate security.

Why weren't you fired right away?

They were probably afraid of the fact that I had filed a false claim suit related to the illegal marketing practices. If they had fired me in the middle of my litigation, the government might have intervened. That could have cost them millions. But once the government decided they wouldn't get involved, and we would have to run the case on our own—which happens in about 80% of the cases—I got fired.

What's your advice to other whistleblowers?

Don't do it. Nobody's going to thank you. However, if you're in a situation where you don't have a choice, where you could be blamed, then you have to take action.

Number one, make sure you're not alone. Make sure you have other people who can corroborate your information, because then it becomes a much more solid case. Number two, save every piece of document you can get your hands on, and make sure you take it with you. Number three, get a really good lawyer. And number four, get a new job before the whole thing blows up.

You also used your position to argue for drug re-importation. Why is it good, and why isn't it happening?

I realized that if I was ever going to have an impact, this might be the last chance I'd have. So I decided to talk about re-importation of lower-priced drugs [from Canada and Europe]. This has been done safely in the rest of the world, yet here we claim we can't do it, which is ridiculous.

We know that drugs save millions of lives. We also know that people who can't afford drugs use them much less. In the U.S. we pay twice as much for healthcare per person, and we pay almost twice as much for drugs.

Diabetes Care magazine recently quoted a study on older adults with diabetes. Twenty-eight percent reported forgoing food or other essentials to pay for insulin. And according to the University of Michigan Health System, "nearly half of patients who have a prescription for any of the cholesterol-fighting drugs called statins fail to fill their prescription often enough or stop filling it altogether, and they stopped more often the more they had to pay." These drugs don't work if you don't take them all the time.

Re-importation is obviously a step in the right direction. Corporate lobbyists are blocking it because they want to *(continued on page 64)*

CAPITOL HILL PHOTOS BY REBECCA D'ANGELO

"I knew this would happen if the liberals took over!"

JENNA'S DEBUTANTE BALL

HUSTLER's exclusive look at Jenna's first fuck flicks

NEW MACHINE has re-released Randy West's *Up and Cummers #10* and *#11*, featuring Jenna Jameson's first XXX encounters, shot when the wunderkind was just 19.

"Jenna contacted me and said she wanted to get into the XXX business, but her agent didn't want her to do porn," recalls West, who produced and appeared in the *Up and Cummers* series originally released on VHS in the 1990s. "A month later I'm on a shoot in Woodland Hills [*a San Fernando Valley section of Los Angeles*], and there's Jenna. She said she wanted to get into the business, despite what her agent said. I told her if you want to just do a girl/girl scene, we can do that. She said she wanted to work with Kylie Ireland, so I set it up."

On camera, a lithe, doe-eyed Jenna Jameson was vivacious, seductive and poised. West asked Jenna what she did before her six-month dancing stint at the Crazy Horse Too in Las Vegas. "High school," the giggling newbie told him. "I've done *Penthouse*, and I'm shooting for HUSTLER this week."

"I shot her when she still had her real tits, and her tits were awesome," remembers West, relishing his trip down mammary lane. "She had the cute tits, the cute little face, and that cute little squeal of hers. I was worried if she was legal when I first shot her—I thought she was 15 or 16." With a laugh, West adds, "I made a point of mentioning on film that she was over 18 and that we had ID on her."

Working with Jenna is one of West's crowning glories. "She had this great sexual energy," he continues. "We had fun off-camera, and then when the sex started, she just fucking rocked! I knew Jenna was special right off the bat. I figured she'd be the next Ginger Lynn, but nobody had any idea she was going to be as big as she turned out to be. Jenna told me when we first met that she was going to be a star."

On that historic day in 1994, West lensed what began as a girl/girl tryst between Jenna and fellow newcomer Kylie Ireland, who was soon to become a porn legend in her own right. As the camera zoomed in for some close-up cunnilingus, Kylie went down on Jenna and purred, "You're so sweet-tasting." Soon the two were enjoying a full-on Sapphic hoedown.

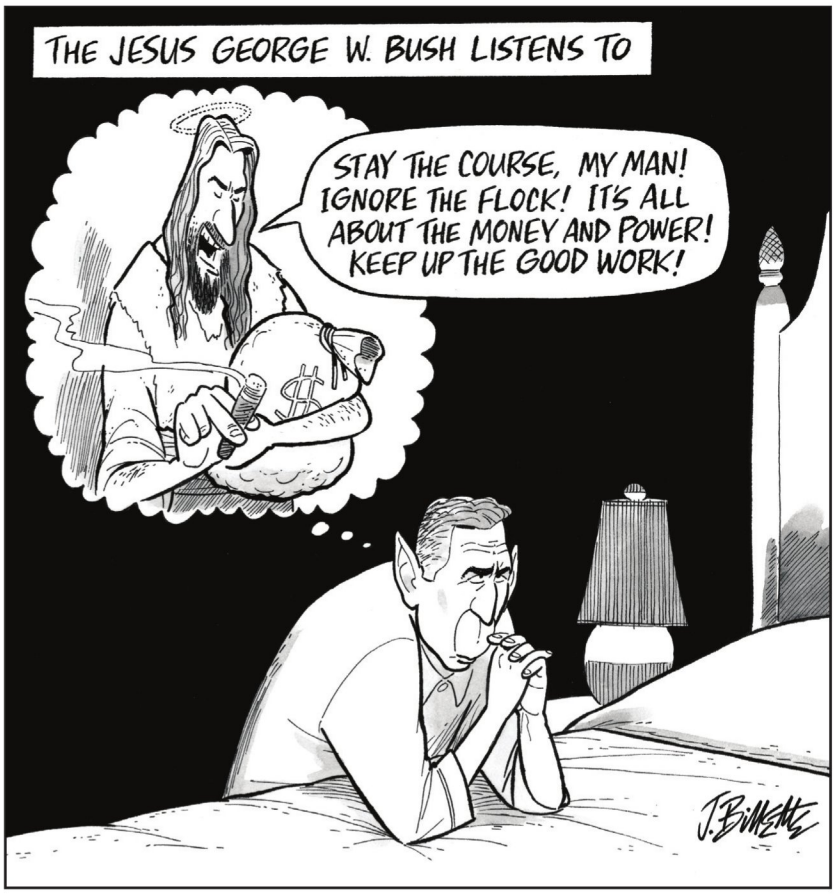
"In the middle of the scene," West reminisces, "Jenna said [to me] it was okay to eat her pussy, and at the end of the scene she and Kylie gave me a blowjob." This marked Jenna's first boy/girl sexploit on film as well.

Feeling comfortable under West's tutelage, Jameson agreed to go one-on-one with the porn stalwart a few days later. This sequence found its way into *Up and Cummers 11*. "It was one of my greatest accomplishments in porn, the fact that I didn't come in 40 minutes," boasts West, who was 46 when he banged the young Jenna. "I don't know how I lasted. And then I asked her if I could come in her pussy, and she said okay. So we did a cream pie. Jenna told me later she was relieved that she didn't have to take a load on her face."

BY TOM FARRELL

Like many wannabes still do, Jenna Jameson broke into hard-core porn by first doing a lesbo scene. Here's the future superstar going at it with Kylie Ireland in 1994's **Up and Cummers #10**.

Quickly switching gears, Jenna ends her first day as a XXX performer at Kylie Ireland's side, showing producer Randy West her eagerness to also do a guy. Porn's greatest success story had just begun!


THE JESUS GEORGE W. BUSH LISTENS TO
STAY THE COURSE, MY MAN! IGNORE THE FLOCK! IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MONEY AND POWER! KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!
J. Bivens

"I guess it's safe to assume you won't be listing me as a reference?"

CONFESSIONS OF A WHISTLEBLOWER

(continued from page 60) protect their employers' huge profits. But for capitalism to work, you need to have free competition. If you close down the borders to foreign cars, for example, American cars are going to be a lot more expensive and probably not the same quality. We have healthy competition in most sectors—except the drug business. People are not allowed to legally import drugs from other countries. So the drug companies have a monopoly on importing drugs.

What should the situation be?

If we had a market where re-importation was legal, a wholesaler would be able to buy the drug directly from Pfizer in New York, or they would be able to import the same package from Pfizer U.K. or a wholesaler in the U.K. or Canada, for example, and sell it to the local pharmacy, where you would be able to buy it for half the price you're paying now.

Let me also point out that half of the largest pharmaceutical companies are foreign corporations (Novartis, GlaxoSmithKline, AstraZeneca, Roche, Sanofi-aventis). They take out big ads in American newspapers and tell us that re-importation is not safe when they know full well that it's been done safely and cost-effectively in their own home markets for 20 years. Most of the drugs are made in Europe, after all. And it's been proven that importing drugs in tamper-proof ways is as safe or safer than shipping within the U.S. Why should we allow foreigners to close the U.S. market and gouge American taxpayers?

Is there a way to get around the re-importation ban?

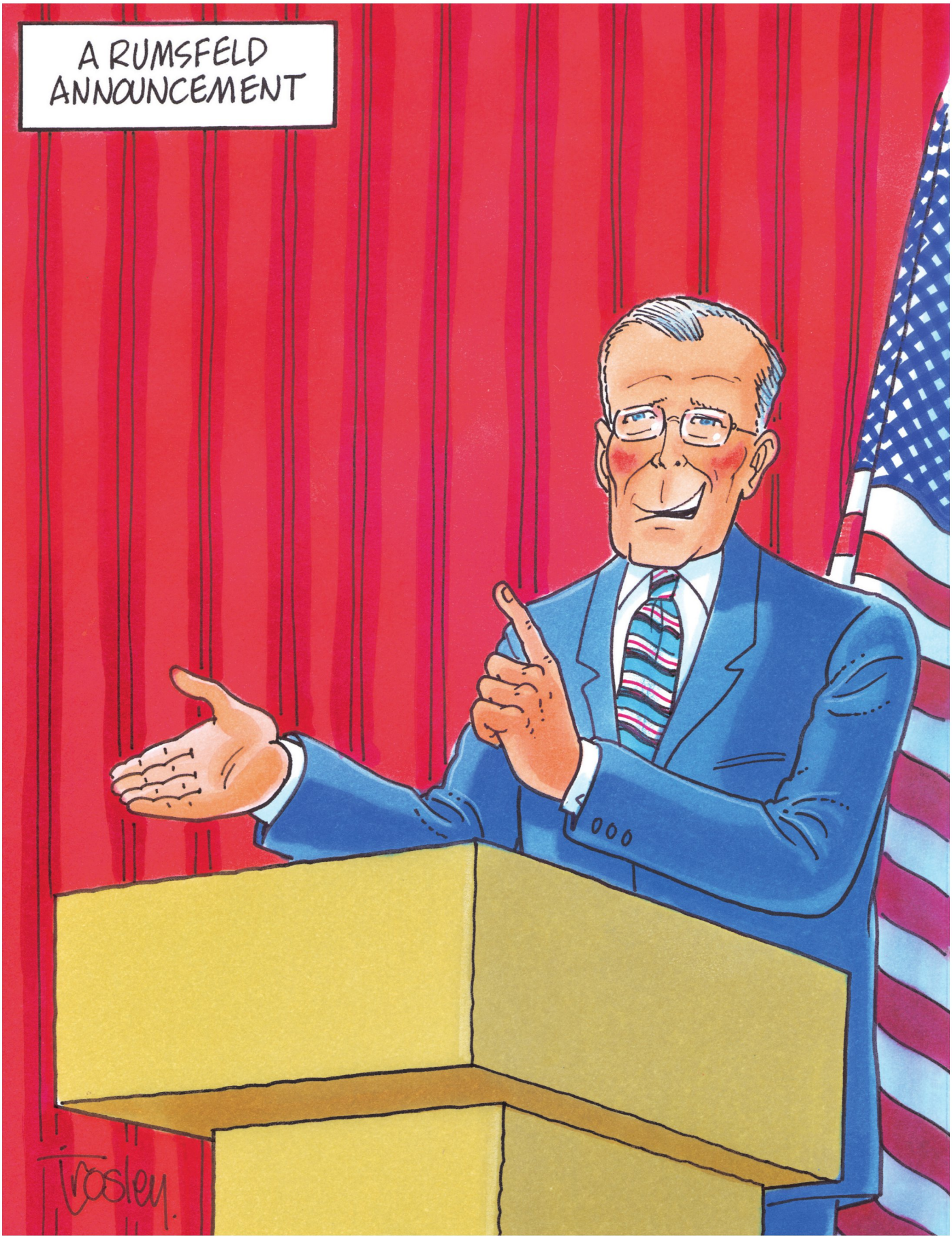
If you go to any pharmacy in Canada, you're going to get safe drugs, but most people can't actually travel to Canadian pharmacies, so they have to go to the Internet. That's a Wild West situation. You have no idea where the drugs are from, if they're counterfeit or something else. So that can make the situation worse if you're not careful.

The best site to use if you want to buy Canadian or European drugs safely is PharmacyChecker.com. They track safety and prices. Another good one is the site of the Canadian International Pharmacy Association: Ciparx.ca. There you can verify if a pharmacy is a member and adheres to certain standards.

You end your book on a pretty strong note, proclaiming that real change "will require a second American revolution."

Five years ago, if I could've heard myself today, I wouldn't have believed it. But quite frankly, once you start working in the system and you see how things operate, you realize the whole thing is pretty much just a show. They make people feel like they have a choice and that they can have an impact, but the truth is, most decisions are already made. For the corporations and the politicians in their pockets, it's a question of manipulating the people to follow the decision that's been made.

That's why Americans have to get out the vote, and they have to do their homework. Find out who supports drug re-importation. In Congress, you have both Republicans and Democrats in favor of it, and you have people in both parties against it. Support the ones who are looking out for the interests of the American people.



"I'm going to retire so I can be at home to spend more time bombing, killing and maiming my family."

Alex Bennett* Presents:

HIGHER PRICES, LOWER STANDARDS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

*Host of *The Alex Bennett Program* on Sirius Left Satellite Radio.

LACIE HEART & SCOTT NAILS
Low Price
Low Price
Produce
ORANGES
89¢ LB

When Lacie hits the supermarket, she always keeps her eyes open for something to satisfy her thirst for Cocka-Cola. Spotting Scott wheeling a cart down the aisle, Lacie decides he's just the refreshment she's looking for.

"The minute I saw him, I started fondling the cucumbers," Lacie recalls. Following him down the aisles, she finally corners Scott in the produce section. Lacie just has to have this USDA-grade stud. As he leans in for some avocados, she reaches for his hot meat, aggressively stroking his kielbasa. Playing hard to get, Scott tries not to show a reaction, but his dick isn't cooperating. It gets harder and harder.

The blond beauty leans over and whispers in his ear, "I want that!" Then she grasps him even tighter. Scott whirls around and squeezes her cookie, saying, "That looks good enough to eat!"

"If you want to see how tasty it is," Lacie replies, her eyes feasting on him, "let's get it on!"

Gala Ap

AN EXCEPTIONAL
Washington sta

Low Price
Low Price
Low Price
24 UNITS

Swirling her tongue, Lacie devours Scott's hotdog with relish.

See Lacie Heart shop for cock in *Atomic Vixens*, *Young Sluts, Inc. #17*, *The Devil Made Me Do It* and *Stripper School Orgy* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Faster than you can get through the 12-items-or-less counter, Lacie and Scott are cooking. She prepares to make a meal out of him as he eats her tight taco. Then he thrusts his wiener into her piping-hot snatch.

Bread
Cereal
Crackers
Cookies
Low Price

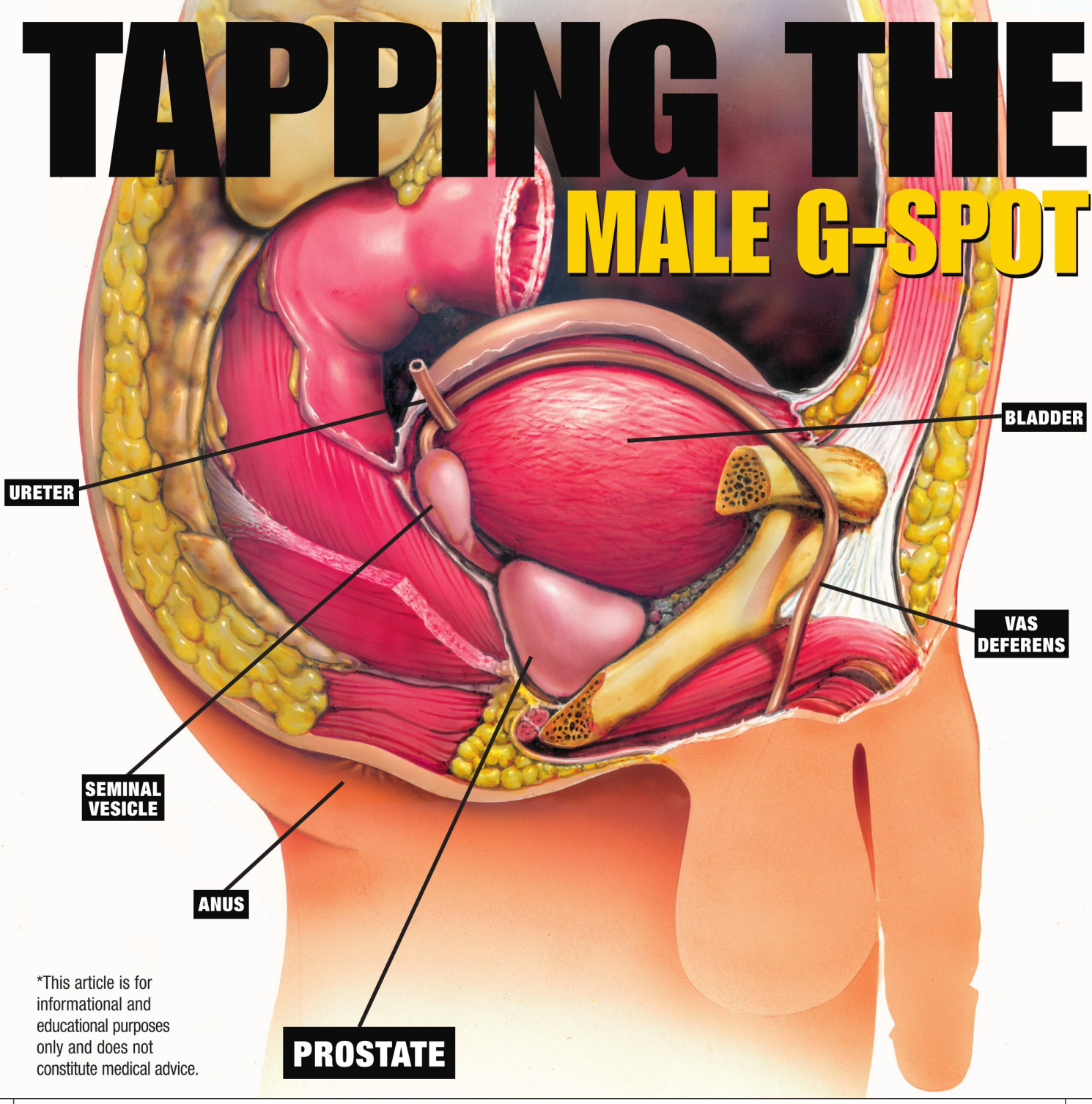
Low Price

"More!" Lacie screams as her clam juice glistens on his giant frank.

Not being able to hold himself back, Scott pulls out and spreads his cream cheese on Lacie's tits right there on the checkout counter.

Exhausted, she looks at the mess and howls, "Dammit! I forgot to get toilet paper!"

TAPPING THE MALE G-SPOT



*This article is for informational and educational purposes only and does not constitute medical advice.

CERTIFIED CLINICAL SEXOLOGIST DR. NATASHA TERRY SHOWS HOW TO STIMULATE YOUR SECRET SEX BUTTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX EBEL

THERE IS TRULY ONLY ONE G-SPOT and it lies inside a woman's body. The sensitive area was named for the man who discovered it over 50 years ago, Dr. Ernst Grafenberg, and somewhere along the experimental way, we sexperts, sexologists, sex therapists and sex workers decided that men have one too! Technically, it's not the same as the female G-spot. It is called the prostate, and a woman can indirectly stimulate it by finding the perineum—the bridge between the anus and scrotum, often called the "taint." (Short for "it ain't your asshole, and it ain't your balls.")

If you have a prostate gland, then you have a G-spot. The prostate is located just below the bladder and can be felt during a rectal exam. To the doc, it feels like a small walnut located within the perineum. This magical zone, when stimulated properly, makes some guys go crazy in bed. It is an amazing nerve bundle that influences erections, orgasms, ejaculations, sexual function and life in general.

The prostate's main function is to produce fluid for semen. But as we now know, for some, it also functions as an activator of sexual pleasure. Massaging this zone can be a way of maintaining sexual health, and stimulating it can lead to a plethora of erotic possibilities: Some men have longer, stronger and more intense orgasms.

LOCATING THE MALE G-SPOT

The prostate can be reached internally by inserting a well-lubricated finger or prostate toy into the rectum, then gently massaging upward toward the belly button. If it's your first time, I would recommend using your own finger and see if you can feel the walnut-size lump. Focus on this area by lightly pulsating your finger on it. Feel free to press or rub to see what feels best. You will be able to feel the prostate through the front part of the rectal wall. If you don't feel comfortable doing this yourself, enlist a partner so you can kick back and relax.

Please don't even think of poking around in this area without washing your hands and lubing up. And, guys, don't knock it until you've tried it. Enjoying prostate stimulation is not an indication of sexual orientation. In other words, it doesn't mean you're gay if you like a little prostate manipulation. There is an easy and simple explanation of why this area feels so good to some when stimulated: It contains millions of nerve endings.

Some men only like to have their prostate touched when they are fully aroused, while others feel that having their prostate massaged increases their erection and leads to some of their greatest climaxes. Sometimes you don't even need your penis touched, because prostate stimulation can be intense enough to jet you to orgasm.

But let's face it, prostate stimulation isn't for everyone. If you're planning on trying it, take things slow. In order to completely explore this erogenous zone with a partner, you need to feel open-minded, comfortable, relaxed, experimental and playful. That goes for your partner as well.

The following is a list of Male G-spot arousal techniques you might find helpful:

- **HOT SHOWER:** Take a nice hot shower before going south. Clean yourself up and begin to massage the perineum ("the taint") externally with a waterproof pocket rocket or vibrating bullet.

- **LUBE IT:** Try using the lubricant Anal Eze. You'll still feel most everything, but it takes some of the stress away. A lot of couples swear by it.

- **G-PRESS:** Start by gently inserting one well-lubed finger and press upward on the prostate, holding it for ten seconds, then relax. Repeat five times and see how it feels.

- **TAPPIN' IT:** With one or two fingers inserted, you want to tap on the prostate three times and then pause for a second, then repeat as much as you'd like. While many experience a tickling sensation, it can be very arousing.

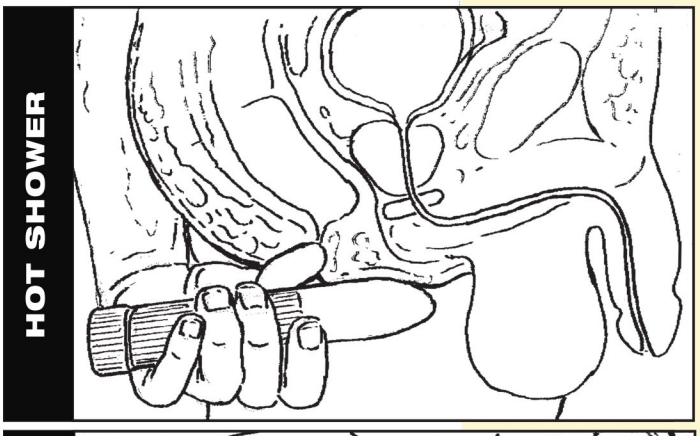
- **MILKIN' IT:** This technique is basically massaging the prostate for a good eight to ten minutes with a prostate massager or with your fingers before sexual intercourse. It is said to make the ejaculate come out with some extra added force.

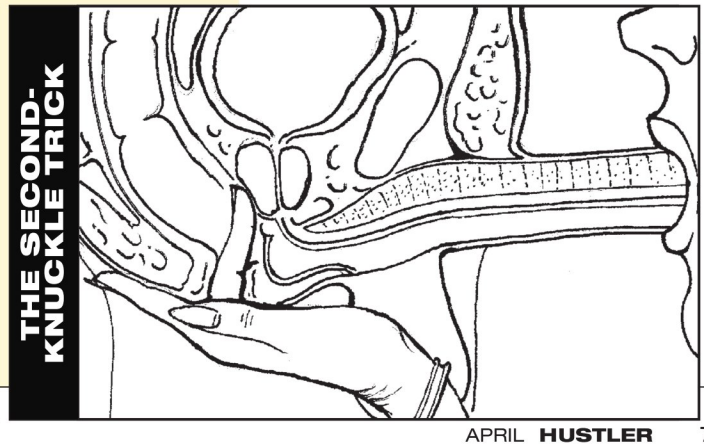
- **THE SECOND-KNUCKLE TRICK:** This is when your partner inserts an index or middle finger up to the second knuckle during oral pleasure for a harder erection or to make you come.

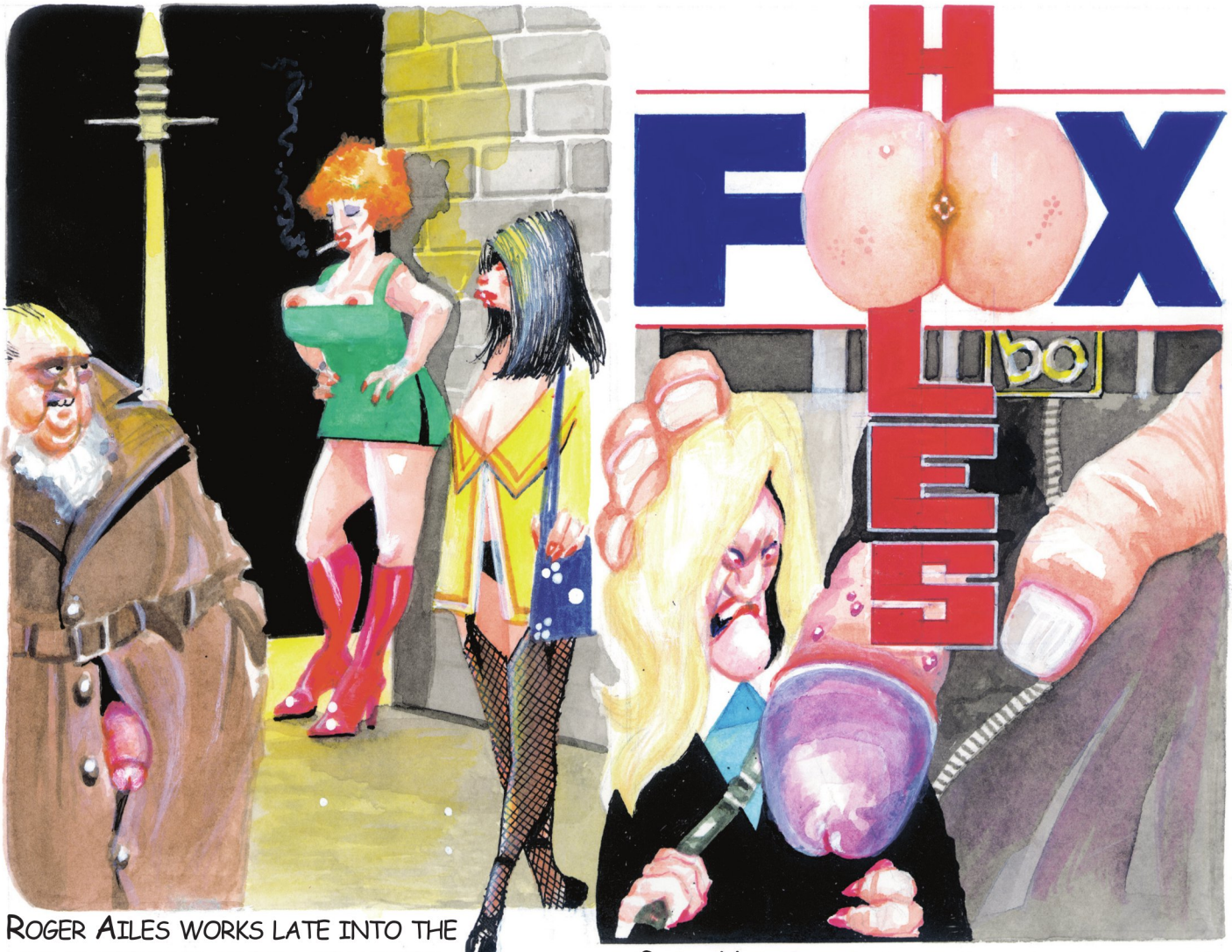
- **TOYING WITH IT:** There are many prostate toys out these days. If you choose to use a prostate toy, select one with a wider safety base so it doesn't get sucked in. Acrylic toys that are made specifically for this area are more hygienic. I highly recommend The Aneros.

I know, it seems scary, but it's more common than you might think. I interviewed 50 heterosexual men between the ages of 20 and 60 to see how they felt about prostate stimulation. A whopping 28 out of 50 had tried it, and out of the 28, 15 said they liked it sometimes, seven said they really liked it and six said it wasn't for them. One man named John said, "I love it when my girlfriend goes down on me and halfway through the blowjob she sticks her finger in there and pushes up. I come instantly. But then, I like her to pull her finger out right away and go wash up."

Dr. Natasha Terry is a certified clinical sexologist and a sex therapist to the stars. She holds a doctorate from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality and is the author of the online book 3*65 Days 365 Ways for Love, Sex and Romance*. For more tips on sex, check out DrNatasha.com.







ROGER AILES WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT SEEKING FRESH BEAUTIES FOR THE FOX ON-AIR TALENT TEAM.

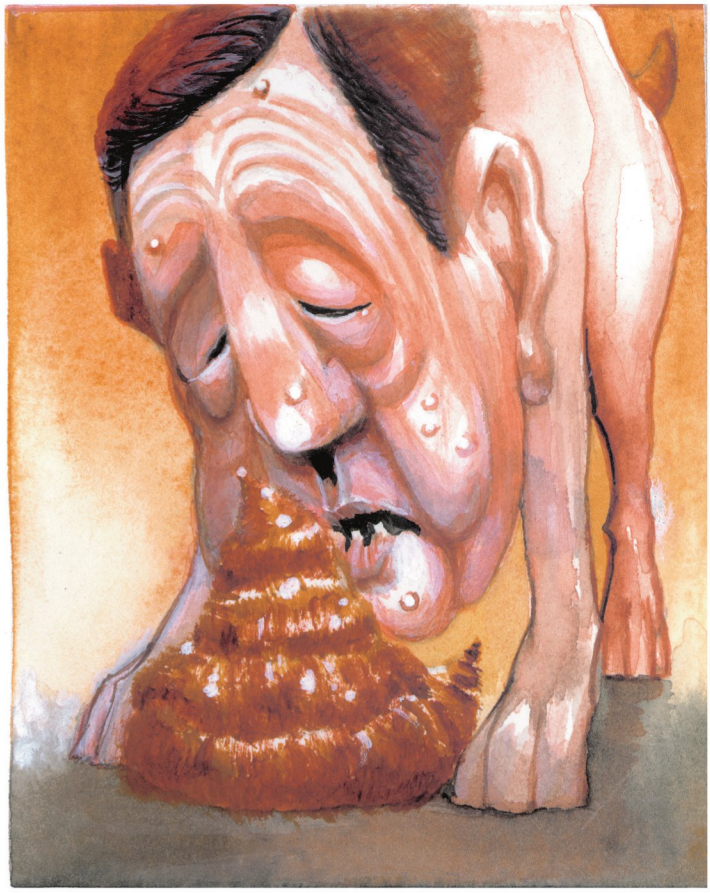
GRETA VAN SUSTEREN HATES HAVING TO SHARE THE ELEVATOR WITH "MR. BIG," BILL O'REILLY.

WAS *FOX* PRETTY BOY SHEPARD SMITH NAMED FOR HIS FAVORITE PASTIME?

SEAN HANNITY ACTUALLY ISN'T THE TOTAL PRICK THAT HE APPEARS TO BE.

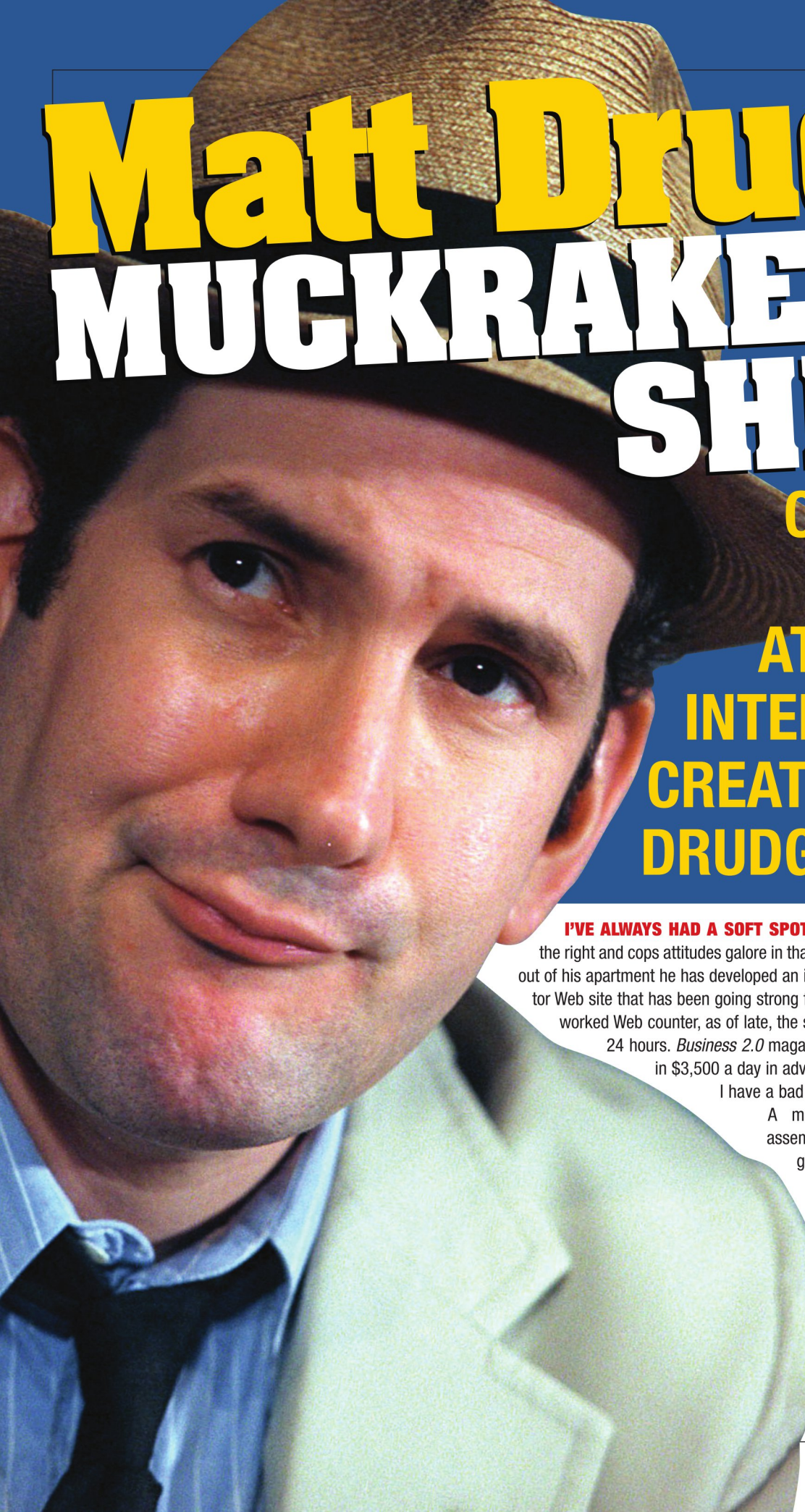
MATCH THAT SNATCH!

- ☐ BRIGITTE QUINN
- ☐ SUSAN ESTRICH
- ☐ ANN COULTER
- ☐ MICHELLE MALKIN
- ☐ BEN STEIN
- ☐ LAURIE DHUE



BEST NOSE FOR SNIFFING OUT SHIT BELONGS TO FOX NEWSHOUND BRIT "OL' YELLER" HUME.

WHAT ALAN COLMES *REALLY* LOOKS LIKE.



Matt Drudge
MUCKRAKER OR SHILL?

ONE NEWS-HOUND'S ATTEMPT TO INTERVIEW THE CREATOR OF THE DRUDGE REPORT.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR MATT DRUDGE. I know he's on the right and cops attitudes galore in that annoying high-pitched voice of his. But out of his apartment he has developed an internationally renowned news aggregator Web site that has been going strong for a decade. If we can believe his overworked Web counter, as of late, the site receives nearly 11 million hits every 24 hours. *Business 2.0* magazine estimated that Drudge's site pulled in $3,500 a day in advertising revenues in April 2003.

I have a bad case of Web site envy.

A monomaniacal obsession with news assemblage and entrepreneurial energy has given Drudge a one-man-against-the-big-news-world reputation that he seems to revel in. He is pictured as the outsider who seemingly loves to twit, embarrass and outrage insiders. In that sense he is a news exhibitionist whose method is sometimes offered up as a window into his media madness.

As the *Times* of London explained: "Whether Drudge goes to London or Budapest, he spends his time doing

BY DANNY "THE NEWS DISSECTOR" SCHECHTER (MediaChannel.org)

exactly what he does back in America: sitting alone in his room before computer screens."

"My home, my hotel room, my car—they're all like a mobile news room," Drudge told the *Times*. "When a volcano erupts or an impeachment is formed—there's a drama there. I look for action, motion, friction. There's nothing more exciting than to watch a story break and grow—and to be the first one to present it to the world."

Along the way, he started *making* news, building his own mystique and celebrity status in a culture that lives for and off of prominent "names." There is still only one Matt Drudge.

Rather than being at odds with the media establishment, a colleague of mine sees him more like a cyber Gail Wynand, the media tycoon in Ayn Rand's novel *The Fountainhead*. Motivated solely by what sells, rather than, say, what might be good for society, his work is an asset to the powers-that-be, not a challenge.

Even though he positioned himself as a one-man news machine with an oppositional style in an age of media conglomerates, his story was quickly showered with praise by the mainstream media, winning him a talk radio show and endless guest appearances. In his '40s-style fedora and with his quirky mannerisms, he was regarded as more of a treat than a threat. He now has more than a million entries on Google.

He was hardly "qualified" for the news broker mantle he assumed—if that means anything anymore. There was no journalism school for him. He was once a night counterman at a 7-Eleven convenience store, a Time-Life Books phone salesman and sales assistant at a New York City grocery store.

In 1989 Drudge moved to L.A. where—legend has it—many top agents start in the mailroom. He started in the gift shop of CBS Studios. It was there that he was apparently privy to some inside gossip, part of his inspiration for founding the Drudge Report.

Blowing small stories up into big scandals was to become a Drudge specialty. At times he seemed to be bent on turning the mainstream into a mudstream. Predictably, he began to piss people off across the spectrum.

Democrats still hold a Drudge-grudge over his role in breaking and exploiting the Monica Lewinsky affair. Straightlaced corporatist Republicans often find him weird because he comes off as an outrageous individualist beyond party discipline and a legitimate career path.

Today there are blogs built around bashing him and others monitoring his every movement. He has not endeared himself to folks on the Left and for good reason. At bottom, he masks his right-wing conservatism with libertarianism. He provides an echo chamber for the powerful and is hardly their nemesis. He wants to make headlines, not fill heads with analysis.

BuzzFlash.com, a site that took his "link to other outlets approach" and veered it leftward, denounced him in an editorial a few years back: "Normally, we ignore Matt Drudge. If you pay him too much attention, you just start to feel slimy yourself, like you need to run and take a shower. But, back in June of 2000, we wrote a couple of editorials about Drudge, because he is typical of Republican gays in the media and government who shore up right-wing leaders who advance an antigay agenda."

Many gay community groups have claimed Drudge as one of their own, but he has been coy about his sexual preferences. Relating to people of any persuasion does not appear to be his strength.

Blowing small stories up into big scandals was to become a Drudge specialty. At times he seemed to be bent on turning the mainstream into a mudstream. Predictably, he began to piss people off across the spectrum.

And that's just the tip of an iceberg of chilly condemnations that challenges Drudge's editorial selections. I have even seen him called a "bullshit artist extraordinaire."

Is he a media maverick or simply a corporate media marketer? One Mediachannel.org colleague sees him as even more insidious. "He's an *amplifier* [aggregator] of corporate media. He makes consuming corporate news *easier*. Do you think Rupert Murdoch/The Bush Admin sees him as a threat or an asset? He's a megaphone for business-worshipping, pro-war viewpoints."

I e-mailed him at the Drudge Report…no response. I tried again…no response. I called a friend at a TV network. Surely she could get me his number. She was (where else?) in L.A., the Drudgemeister's hometown. She didn't have it.

Her assistant then e-mailed the network's PR maven. Within minutes she got a reply. Bingo! His unlisted, hard-to-find number was in their contact database. Of course it was.

There was a note that accompanied the number: "He never answers the machine. He will ignore the call unless he wants something. I have only actually spoken to him five times in eight years—when he calls me. But here it is: XXX-XXXX—if he hasn't changed it."

That didn't sound too promising. I called anyway. One ring, two rings, three rings…just as I was about to hang up, he picked up.

Amazingly, he remembered me and was very cordial. At the beginning of his rise to Internet fame, I had dropped him a note praising his chutzpah. I was surprised that all these years later he recalled my e-missive and had a nice word or two to say—about me, not my request.

"I have already done *Penthouse*," he said.

"No, no, Matt, not *Penthouse*. HUSTLER. HUSTLER!" (It's hard not to feel like one when you are freelancing for a magazine with that name.) It didn't seem to matter. He just cut me off.

"I am not doing any interviews. Haven't in years. Don't need the publicity."

I told him about MediaChannel.org and our interest in media issues, reassuring him that I didn't have any exposé intent.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that," he said. "I am just not doing any interviews. I have done so many."

I then shifted to my intended focus: trying to elicit Drudge's views on the media scene. He wouldn't bite.

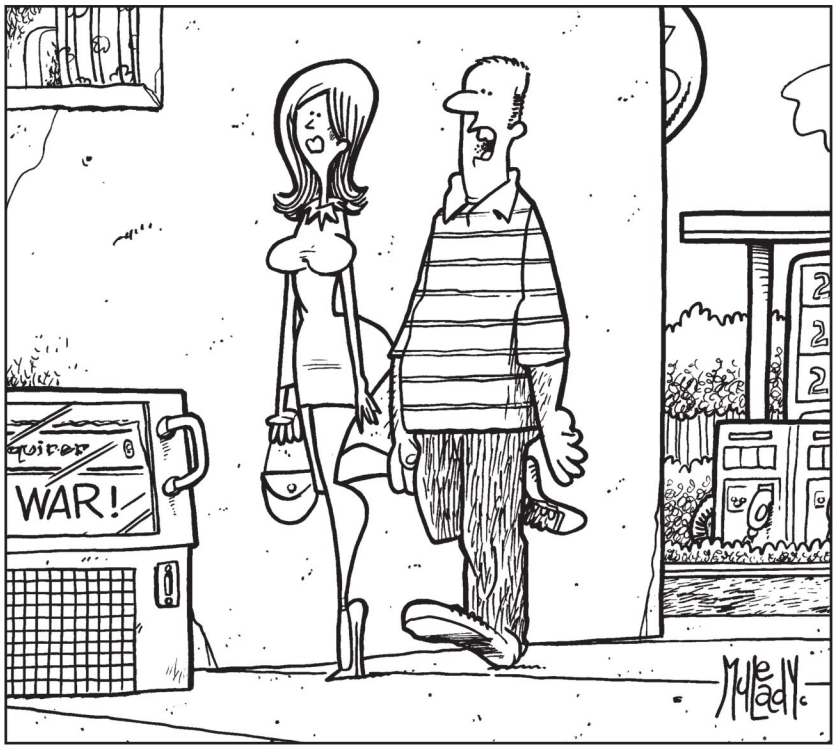
"Look, if it was Elizabeth [Bumiller] at *The New York Times* calling, I would be more abrupt. You have been there from the beginning. Glad to talk to you, but no interview. Nothing personal. When I feel the need to get into deeper thoughts, I cleanse my soul once a year with Brian Lamb on C-SPAN. That's enough. I don't have to go into the details of what I do."

There was no budging (or drudging) him. So I told him that I'd be giving a talk on C-SPAN the following week in New York City about my book on the media and the Iraq war. I asked if he'd be interested. He said, "Sure. Keep sending me e-mails. I will read them."

Matt, a man of many links, at that point became a man of few words.

I had told him I liked the Smoking Gun memo he had just published on Dick Cheney's protocol for hotel rooms when he travels. One of his requirements: They must have Fox News (his master's voice?) on all the TV sets all the time.

He then told me he just got a new memo in



"It's not President Bush's fault the country's in the mess it's in. It's the 59 million dumb sons of bitches who voted for him two years ago!"

UPPER-CLASS DOMESTIC STRIFE

Matt Drudge MUCKRAKER OR SHILL?

from a source at ABC, but didn't tell me what it was. It was up within an hour of our call.

"A top producer at ABC NEWS declared, 'Bush makes me sick' in an e-mail obtained by the DRUDGE REPORT. John Green, currently executive producer of the weekend edition of GOOD MORNING AMERICA, unloaded on the president in an ABC company e-mail obtained by the DRUDGE REPORT. 'If he uses the "mixed messages" line one more time, I'm going to puke,' Green complained. The blunt comments by Green, along with other e-mails obtained by the DRUDGE REPORT, further reveal the inner workings of the nation's news outlets."

Really? Do they—or do they reveal the frustrations and attitudes of most journalists who cover the Bush White House? *The Washington Post* later reported, "It is widely believed at ABC News that the e-mails were leaked by a former employee who has a vendetta against Green."

After two of his e-mails were published—one by Drudge, a second by the *New York Post*—Green was punished with a suspension and later "apologized" to the White House and his colleagues for "embarrassing" ABC. An ABC News spokesman reiterated that Green's personal feelings do not influence their programming, which is "fair and balanced and straight down the middle."

During our brief conversation I told Drudge that I've been writing a lot about citizen journalism and the way the media is changing, which I discuss in my new manifesto, *The Death of Media*. How does he feel about that movement? After all, he is perceived as one of its pioneers in the sense that practitioners believe anyone can become a journalist.

Matt had no response, and even as I raised the issue, I recognized then that empowering the people or changing the media was never his mission. He is defined by commerce, not consciousness. He is more a businessman than a newsman.

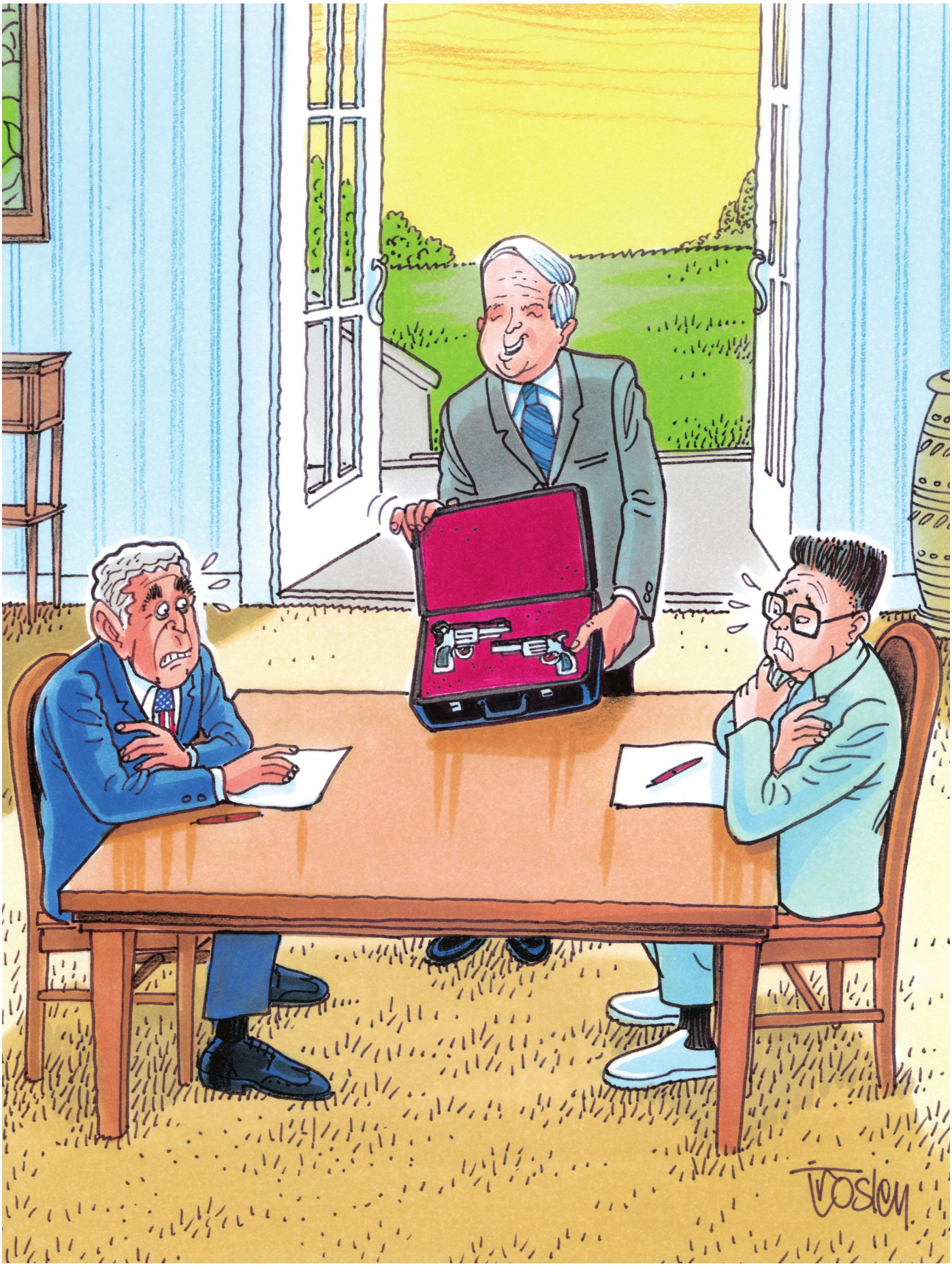
I am, of course, on the other side of that equation, and not really partial to scandalmongers or gossip promoters. The tabloid genre used to be called yellow journalism, which is the color that the Drudge Report often sports.

While I am still fighting for the right to have a say, Matt's priority is to make his pay. And he does well. He has never sold out because when it comes to journalism that speaks truth to power, he never bought in.

"Matt, you are proof that the power of one can survive in this media jungle," I said in one last weaselly attempt to get him to change his mind and talk to me before we said goodbye. He chuckled.

"This power of one," he replied, "is trying to figure out what to lead with today." *Click.*

Danny "The News Dissector" Schechter, the author of When News Lies and The Death of Media, edits MediaChannel.org. He also directed the documentary film WMD (Weapons of Mass Deception); see WMDtheFilm.com.



"Fuck negotiations! It's time for a duel!"

JANA FOX

SOAK

HER IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

This fresh new face from the great state of Texas has always been a bit of an exhibitionist. "I did regular modeling when I was 17 and hated it because I had to cover everything up," Jana declares. "I really wanted to be free, so when I turned 18, I started posing nude and haven't stopped since."

Definitely a free spirit, Jana adds, "I get off having sex in public places and knowing that people are watching. In college I fucked a guy from my class right in the school's parking lot on the hood of my car in front of about 30 other students. It was hot. I also had sex with a guy in a dressing room of a big clothing store. When we finished, there was a crowd of dudes gathered outside who'd been listening in. That made me blush a little bit."

With brazen public displays of affection under her belt, does this tight little filly plan on doing porn films any time soon? "It's funny you asked," Jana coos, "because I just started doing adult videos. I only do girl-on-girl stuff, and it's very hot."

Will guys get to plow the dreamboat on film someday? "I don't think so," she sighs. "I really like to keep the fucking of guys for my private life. Nothing beats a good ramming from behind. I guess you can tell that doggy-style is my favorite position."

Actually, Jana doesn't always need a partner to get down and dirty. "I love classic cars and spend a lot of time working on my 1969 Mercury Cyclone," she informs us. *Working on*, as in being a porn starlet pressed against sheet metal and getting screwed? Not at all. "I'm a mechanic," the new HUSTLER Honey explains, proving she *really* knows her way around tools. "I do all my own engine and body work. There is nothing greater than being covered in grease and then getting behind the wheel. Except maybe sex!"

JANA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Houston
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Pisces
HEIGHT: 5-3
WEIGHT: 97
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-24-32

A man went to the doctor to get a double dose of Viagra, but his request was denied. "Why can't I have a double dose?" the man asked.

"It's not safe," the doctor replied.

"But I need it really bad," the man explained. "My girlfriend is coming into town on Friday, one of my exes will be here on Saturday, and my wife is coming home on Sunday."

"Okay, I'll give it to you," the doctor relented. "But you have to come in on Monday morning so that I can check to see if there are any side effects."

On Monday the man dragged himself into the doctor's office with his right arm in a sling. The doctor asked, "What happened to you?"

The man said, "No one showed up."

Question: What do you call a married guy who doesn't cheat on his wife when he's away on business?

Answer: An astronaut.

An 87-year-old woman came home from bingo one night to find her 92-year-old husband in bed with another woman. In a rage she managed to push her cheating spouse over the balcony of the couple's 20-story assisted-living apartment, sending him to his death.

Charged with murder, the elderly woman was asked by the judge if she had anything to say in her defense.

"Yes, Your Honor," she began coolly. "I figured that at 92, if he could fuck, he could fly!"

An office manager summoned his entire staff and complained that he wasn't getting any respect from them. Later that morning, the fellow went to a nearby stationery store and purchased a small sign with the distinct message: I'M THE BOSS.

Back at his office, the manager mounted the sign on his door and left for lunch. Returning promptly an hour later, he found a note taped to the sign: "Your wife called. She wants her sign back."

Question: What's six inches long, two inches wide and drives women wild?

Answer: A $100 bill.

A well-dressed man walked into a lingerie store in New York City's Times Square, stepped up to the saleslady and announced, "I would like a Jewish bra for my wife, size 34B."

With a quizzical look the saleslady asked, "What kind of bra?"

The man reiterated, "A Jewish bra. My wife said to tell you that she wanted a Jewish bra and that you would know exactly what she wanted."

"Ah, now I remember," the saleslady murmured. "We don't get as many requests for them as we used to. Lately our customers have preferred the Catholic bra, the Salvation Army bra or the Presbyterian bra."

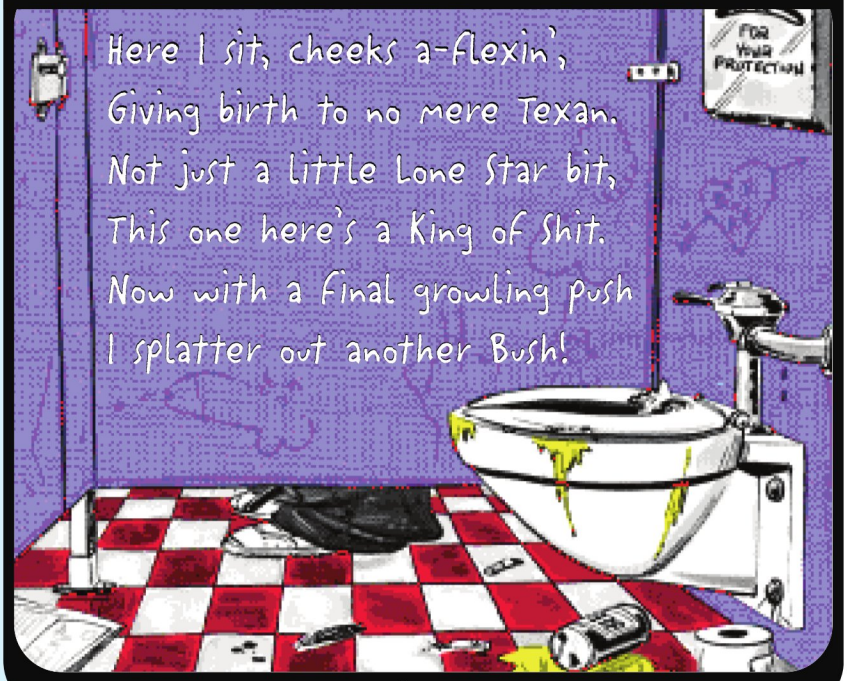
Confused and a little flustered, the man asked, "So what are the differences?"

The saleslady responded, "It's all really quite simple, sir. The Catholic bra supports the masses, the Salvation Army lifts up the fallen, and the Presbyterian bra keeps them staunch and upright."

The man mused on that information for a minute and huffed, "*Hmmm*, I know I'll regret asking, but what does the Jewish bra do?"

"A Jewish bra," the saleslady replied, "makes mountains out of molehills."

GRAFFILTHY


Here I sit, cheeks a-flexin',
Giving birth to no mere Texan.
Not just a little Lone Star bit,
This one here's a King of Shit.
Now with a final growling push
I splatter out another Bush!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Jason Z.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"I will stay the course in Iraq even if Laura and Barney are my only supporters!"

WINDS OF CHANGE

EVEN WITH WIND-POWERED TURBINES ON THE BRINK OF EASING AMERICA'S OIL DEPENDENCE, BUSH CONTINUES TO CUT FUNDING.

IT IS SWEEPING ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS, along our shores and deep into the mountains: a "green" source of usable power, blowing its way into the American economy, freeing us of our addiction to fossil fuels. It is wind power, and someday it will make the USA truly energy independent.

It should come as no surprise that Team Bush is standing in the way of this threat to Big Business. They fear that the dominance of Big Oil and its allies in the gas, coal and nuke industries could be shaken if wind power were to gain a foothold.

Despite the administration's propensity to pursue fossil and nuclear fuels, wind power remains the world's fastest-growing new source of electric power generation. It has boomed into a $10 billion-per-year business, growing at 25 % to 35% per year. The money generated annually from wind power will likely climb into the hundreds of billions very soon.

The reason for wind power's rise in popularity is simple: Wind-driven electricity is cheap, and it's getting cheaper. The giant, 500-foot-tall, megawatt turbines used to harness wind and generate power are easy to build, fast to install, proven to last and environmentally friendly. They also provide new jobs.

But where will these machines be located?

North Dakota, Kansas and Texas alone are swept by enough wind energy to power the entire United States with all the electricity it needs. In fact, taken as a whole, the Plains States between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains have enough wind energy to power the entire U.S. annually three times over! This doesn't even account for the immense potential from the windy centers of the Great Lakes, or the high potential of our ocean shorelines.

These regions could be utilized for their wind power with current turbine technology. And a new, ultramodern German gearless design could speed up the process by dropping the price of wind-driven electricity from its already-competitive cost of 3 to 6 cents per kilowatt hour. There are also reports of advances in magnetic-levitation technology that could be used to lessen friction within the turbines, resulting in even cheaper power production.

Meanwhile, major energy players like Goldman Sachs, Edison Capital, John Deere and Warren Buffet are pouring billions into wind farm invest-

ments. Attendance by major investors and venture capitalists at the 2006 American Wind Energy Association conference in Pittsburgh topped 5,000, three times that of four years ago.

The wind-power industry is dealing with public concerns over bird and bat fatalities, but studies indicate that these incidents are exceedingly rare. Industry leaders also field objections from neighbors in scenic areas who don't want to look at machines towering 500 feet into the sky. And due to heavy demands from rapidly developing China, the soaring price of steel has driven up the cost of wind power in some areas.

But China itself may soon give the wind industry the boost it needs. Both China and India face serious shortages of gas and oil, massive pollution from burning coal, and growing uncertainties about the future of nuclear power in a terror-driven world. They are poised to make serious decisions about their energy future, which could result in a serious tilt toward wind power in the world's two most populous nations.

Will it happen in the U.S.? The answer, my friends, is blowing in the wind. Millions of dollars would be lost by Bush and his cronies if wind power were to start replacing fossil fuels. This will inevitably result in uphill battles for decision-makers in years to come.

Because wind power is clean, green and cheap, it should come as no surprise that the Bush Administration is doing everything it can to screw it up. Dubya's most classic passing-wind-moment came during a recent televised address in which he promised to support green power, yet simultaneously slashed crucial jobs at the National Renewable Energy Laboratory, where key wind power research is conducted.

Making matters worse, Bush has continually manipulated the progressive Production Tax Credit (PTC), which subsidizes wind-driven electricity, as a balance to the subsidies given to fossil-fuel producers and nuclear power plants. The PTC is essential to financing large-scale wind projects, but it is currently up for renewal. It has widespread support from green Democrats and from Republicans in the Plains States, where many wind farms are being built.

The credit could have easily passed through Congress back in 2003. However, to give Vice President Dick Cheney's pro-nuke energy bill a green tint, Bush folded the PTC's renewal into the shady legislation, hoping to get Cheney's bill passed by using green votes from wind supporters. The renewal was defeated with Cheney's energy bill, screwing turbine manufacturers for more than a year.

Bush then presented the PTC renewal package separately in 2004, but gave it a short expiration date. Luckily, Congress extended the renewal through 2007.

Meanwhile, an underhanded law contrived by Senator John Warner (R-Virginia) requires the Department of Defense (DOD) to certify that wind machines won't "interfere with airport radar." The demand is absurd, as thousands of windmills now operate throughout the U.S. with no such problems. Naturally, before stepping down, DOD Secretary Donald Rumsfeld procrastinated in supplying the public with legally mandated studies examining wind power's effect on radar. Rumsfeld stalled wind projects and tied up tens of millions of dollars, guaranteeing that more coal, oil and nuclear fuels will continue to be burned. The Sierra Club, a California-based environmental group, eventually sued Rumsfeld for his slow response to release the data. Alternative energy won't come into its own until the Bush regime is gone with the wind.

Harvey Wasserman is senior editor of *The Columbus Free Press* and co-author of several books with Bob Fitrakis, including *George W. Bush vs. the Superpower of Peace* and *What Happened in Ohio?*

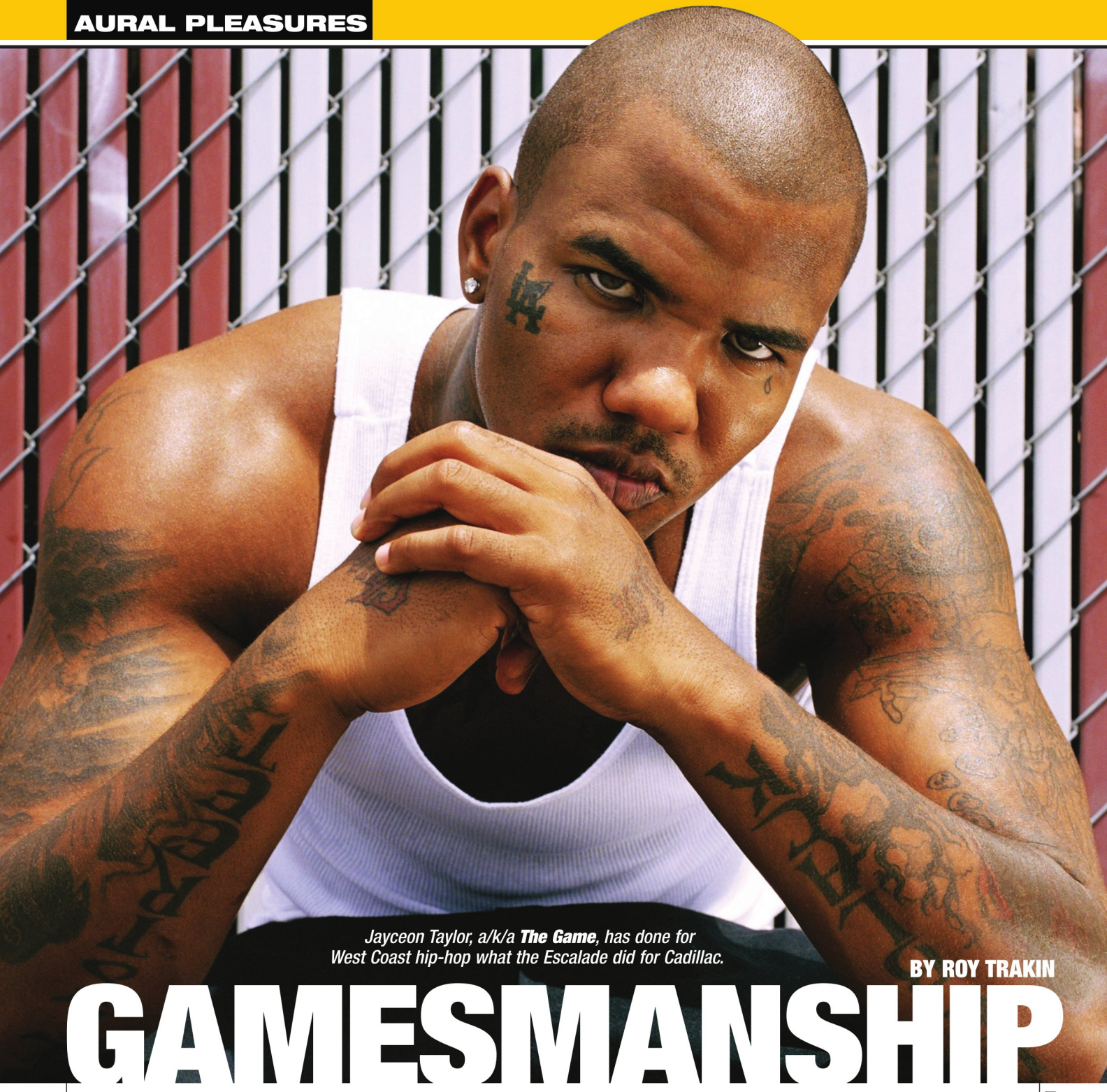
How to Harvest Wind

So you want to get into the highly profitable wind business. The best way is to own a big piece of land that gets pounded by wind. To trasmit your juice, the acreage also needs to be near a power line. Most of the land that fits this description lies between the Mississippi River and the Rockies, although there are prime pieces of windy real estate elsewhere. Thankfully, technological advances in building bigger turbines have made areas with less wind more harvestable.

Start by looking on a computerized map from the National Renewable Energy Laboratory (NREL.gov) to see if you're in the wind power ballpark. If you are, it is possible to build a rewarding wind farm. Getting megawatt turbines onto your land and hooked to the grid is not an easy task—it costs about $1 million per megawatt turbine—but large-scale commercial breeze-reapers can net many millions in profit. Contact Farmers Green Power at *WindHW@aol.com* to find out the logistics.

If you have good acreage, there are also options for lower-budget wind farmers. Leasing your land to big corporate developers for turbine space can net you a few grand a year per turbine, but this is a pittance compared to the millions the corporations will reap. A less profitable but far easier way to harness wind is by using small turbines to pump your own water and light your home. These kilowatt-range machines have been around for decades—there were thousands of them twirling over the prairies in the 1930s—and they're coming back! With a cost of approximately $30,000 to $100,000, these 100-foot-tall units pay their weight quickly, especially if you need "off-the-grid" electricity. In the next few years, as electric rates inevitably soar, we may see more of these small turbines in semi-rural and suburban neighborhoods. For information on how to purchase a small wind turbine, visit awea.org/faq/smsyslst.html.

If you don't have windy land but still want to cash in on this expanding technology, there are plenty of companies in which to invest. Check with the American Wind Energy Association (AWEA.org) for a listing of businesses.



*Jayceon Taylor, a/k/a **The Game**, has done for West Coast hip-hop what the Escalade did for Cadillac.*

BY ROY TRAKIN

GAMESMANSHIP

PHOTO BY JOHNATHAN MANNION

IT'S BEEN ALMOST TWO YEARS since The Game's debut album, *The Documentary*—a lifetime in the world of rap. And while that 5-million-seller established Compton-raised hip-hop star Jayceon Terrell Taylor as heir to the West Coast gangsta throne, a lot has gone down between then and the release of his eagerly awaited follow-up, *Doctor's Advocate*.

There have been ongoing feuds with former mentors Dr. Dre and 50 Cent, which led to his exiting G-Unit/Interscope and joining sister label Geffen for the new album.

"You know what it feels like?" The Game says about the move. "Like Harriet Tubman finding the Underground Railroad. It's like being a baby, and someone actually changes the shitty diaper, puts on a clean one and wipes your ass. I felt free to make the record I wanted to."

And indeed he did, with a flurry of top producers like Scott Storch ("Let's Ride," "Too Much"), will.i.am ("Compton"), Kanye West ("Would Get Far") and Swizz Beatz ("Scream on Em"), who don't stray hard from Dre's patented synth-driven funk-disco beat, layering it with The Game's patented hard-scrabble swagger.

At 27, walking the streets in his All-Stars, puffing the sticky green chronic, a Glock tucked into his Louis Vuitton belt, and a chip on his shoulder, The Game is out to show he's the self-anointed "muthafuckin' messiah of West Coast gangsta rap," the latest and greatest in a line of pioneers that includes Eazy-E, Ice Cube and Snoop Dogg.

About the absence of Dre and 50 Cent on the album, The Game admits—like his hit

song "Hate It or Love It"—he has mixed feelings.

"Me and Dre are 100% cool," he insists about referencing the producer in his new album's title. "That's the guy who took me from between a rock and a hard spot and presented me with the opportunity to place myself among hip-hop's elite. There's always going to be love, admiration and respect. But on the other hand, I was a bit insulted at how I wasn't able to work with him on this record, so some of the songs express that."

His relationship with 50 Cent is even more complicated. On the nine-minute, gospel-inflected finale "Why You Hate the Game," he seems to be offering up an olive branch to his foe: "We ain't beefing like that/He ain't Big and I ain't Pac."

As The Game says, "It's not over until you see me and Fiddy in the same building on the same stage, rocking a show or making some type of peace gesture. Until then, I don't think it's dried out yet. This is my house, and I don't leave my front door open for too long. There's just one #1 spot in hip-hop, and everyone's fighting for it. When it becomes tragic, like Tupac and Biggie, that's bad. But I'm not shooting at Fiddy, and he's not shooting at me. At the end of the day, it's only competition, and that's healthy."

Despite his success, The Game's music still maintains the edgy anger that has characterized the West Coast sound since the days of N.W.A.

"As long as there's poverty in the hoods and ghettos of America, people struggling with life and not having it as easy as I do now, I'm going to feel that pain," he says. "And it doesn't go away. You have to see it to believe it, and believe me, I'm seeing it every fuckin' day, man!"

There's another, softer side to The Game. As he expressed on his hit "Like Father, Like Son," parenthood has been a major influence. "My little boy's my inspiration, a motivation for everything I do," he says. "He makes it happen for me, and I make it happen for him. We're a tag team."

On "Wouldn't Get Far," The Game takes aim on those video vixen groupies who throw themselves at rap stars, a cautionary tale for his younger sister."A lot of girls think they need the fake breasts and lips, the ass implants and facelifts to make it in this world," he says. "It's about trying to be women when they're still teenagers."

Not that The Game doesn't enjoy a little sumthin'-sumthin' of his own, although he insists he's never been to the HUSTLER Hollywood store. "I'm a big fan of Larry Flynt, but I don't know why I'd ever walk in there," he says. "I need mine to get up close and personal. Gimme a naked bitch, and I'll make her a hustler myself."

On *Doctor's Advocate* he declares, "The Game ain't over/This is the beginning of my career," putting himself back on the rap map with one of the year's best old-school hip-hop albums.

A Spartan Existence

Sparta (left to right): Tony Hajjar (drums), Keeley Davis (guitar/backing vocals), Jim Ward (guitar/lead vocals), Matt Miller (bass/backing vocals)

PHOTO BY BRIAN BOWEN

Listening to *Threes*, Sparta's sophomore release for the Hollywood Records label, you're not sure whether you're being gently lulled to sleep or jolted awake for battle. The El Paso quartet finished out 2006 with a headlining tour to promote the album, which vacillates thematically between expectation and anxiety.

"It's about my life in a weird way, both fiction and nonfiction," says singer/lead guitarist Jim Ward. "I sort of live on the edge of hope and desperation, and that's the cocktail that makes me an artist. I do my best to destroy everything around me, and then I work so hard to keep things together."

The songs "Atlas," "The Most Vicious Crime" and "Without a Sound" convey a palpable sadness—a sense that a bond is ending.

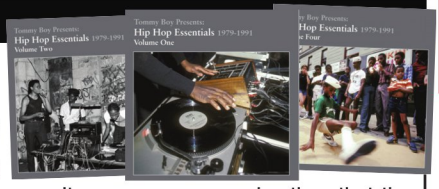
"I was in kind of a dark place," Ward continues, "and I wrote songs [thematically] in the form of a woman or a relationship. I felt that that way people could relate to what I was [going through]. 'Atlas' is about my hometown—if I made my city a woman. Sometimes I feel that the city deserts me."

The affable Ward, who pens a column for an El Paso alternative newspaper, cautiously praised the Democrats' midterm victory. "Now we better do something with it. We better! You have to realize that the way the rest of the world sees our country right now is diabolical, fucking diabolical."

Although a harsh critic of the Bush Administration, Ward expressed sympathy for the President when former Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld resigned. "I've said a lot of mean things about that guy [Bush], but I naturally cheer for the underdog, the one that everyone else is mad at. It just felt like the tide had turned so much that I actually felt bad for him. It was a weird feeling."

—Eric Althoff

NEWS



TOMMY BOY'S TIP-TOP OF HIP-HOP

Brooklyn was the Liverpool of hip-hop, and Tommy Boy was the Sun Records of the genre. It comes as no surprise then that the New York City indie label has put out arguably the best hip-hop compilation ever. Rightfully entitled *Hip Hop Essentials 1979-1991*, the 12 CDs take listeners back to the early days, when hip-hop was an art form and profound urban statement, as opposed to the bullshit era of bling that hangs over hip-hop and rap like the '80s hair-metal scourge. Besides an intro penned by respected journalist Nelson George, each volume contains liner notes from noteworthy hip-hop luminaries, while each of the dozen cover photos were taken from the collection of rap photographer Martha Cooper. Meticulously compiled by Tommy Boy CEO Tom Silverman and Stu Fine from Wild Pitch Records, *Hip-Hop Essentials* delivers the Sugarhill Gang, Grandmaster Flash, Kurtis Blow, Afrika Bambaataa, the Crash Crew, Run-D.M.C., Dougie Fresh, Kool Moe Dee, Salt-N-Pepa, JJ Fad and many, many more. *—Tom Farrell*

IN GOTH WE TRUST

Rhino Records has released *A Life Less Lived: The Gothic Box*, a three-CD compilation of some of goth-dom's greatest moments. Bound in a hardback box and—get this—a leather corset, the CDs and DVD gather up such stalwarts as Joy Division, the Cure and Sisters of Mercy alongside sorrow-laden new wavers like Echo and the Bunnymen, the Bolshoi and Love and Rockets. A serious collection for newbies and veteran wearers of black lipstick and nail varnish that touches on all aspects of the goth movement in its developmental stage. Highly recommended. *—T.F.*

SHE'S SO COLD

Whaddaya do when you're the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band and gearing up for your final tour—again? Merchandise the living hell out of it, that's what you do!

The folks at ICUP have come up with a full bar set of goodies for Rolling Stones fans, including shot glasses, pints and our fave: Just when you think there isn't another way the Stones could possibly market and sell that damn tongue logo, they now offer their own ice cube trays! As much as we don't want to admit it, they are kind of cool. *—T.F. and Keith Valcourt*

GORILLAZ ACTION FIGURES ARE MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS

Based on the likenesses of the platinum-selling virtual group, the soft-crafted vinyl figures of 2D (pictured) and his three sidekicks are supercool collectibles. Each of the avatars, which range in height from about six to eight inches, comes in a unique box with exclusive accessories. The Gorillaz will also be available in three color variations: Basic (limited to 40,000), White (limited to 4,000) and 2Tone (limited to 1,000). They are now available exclusively at Kid Robot stores and KidRobot.com—"planet Earth's premier creator & retailer of limited edition toys, clothing, mini-figures, artwork & books." *—K.V.*

DANCING WITH DANIELLE

Sexy diva Danielle Bollinger is riding high with her new album *When the Broken Hearted Love Again*, which has launched two singles that found their way up the Billboard Hot Dance Club Play chart. Not that we're big disco or dance music fans, but once we got a load of Danielle…you get the picture. If Danielle looks familiar to any of you sports fans, it's because she's been invited to sing the national anthem at various MLB, NFL, NBA and NHL games. *—T.F.*

SIX-PACK

Six noteworthy CDs and DVDs

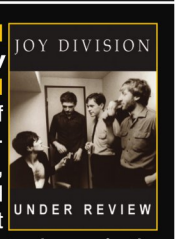
MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE
The Black Parade
Reprise

Goth-rockers aim high and low, combining their horror-core roots into a theme cycle on death. It may sound depressing, but leader Gerard Way places tongue-in-cheek like an emo Bowie to put across songs like the generational anthem title track. *—Roy Trakin*

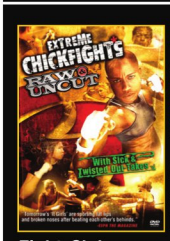
EVANESCENCE
The Open Door
Wind-up

If you had any doubt that Amy Lee could carry on after the exit of former partner Ben Moody, this sophomore album proves she's the undisputed Queen of Goth. "Call Me When You're Sober" is a no-holds-barred kiss-off that still manages to show compassion for its subject. *—R.T.*

JOY DIVISION
Under Review
MVD/Sexy Intellectual



The complete story on DVD of one of post-punkdom/early goth's most relevant bands, supported by video clips, obscure footage, rare interviews and photos. Covering all the bases without being pedantic, this is one of the best releases in the series. Informative and entertaining. *—T.F.*

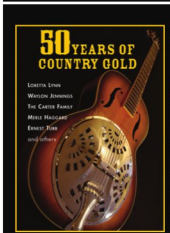


EXTREME CHICKFIGHTS
Raw & Uncut
Image Entertainment/Demolition Pictures

These gals kick ass…literally. This action-packed DVD showcases some serious bare-fisted, blood-soaked, violent girl-on-girl action. If the movie *Fight Club* were real—and if the combatants had tits—you would have *Extreme Chickfights*. *—K.V.*

GENE SIMMONS FAMILY JEWELS
A&E Home Video

In a contrived attempt to capitalize on and duplicate the massive success of *The Osbournes*, Gene Simmons presents his *Family Jewels*. The first (and hopefully last) season shows the KISS bassist and his family (concubine/former Playmate hottie Shannon Tweed with two obnoxious kids) in several highly over-staged and forced scenarios. *—K.V.*



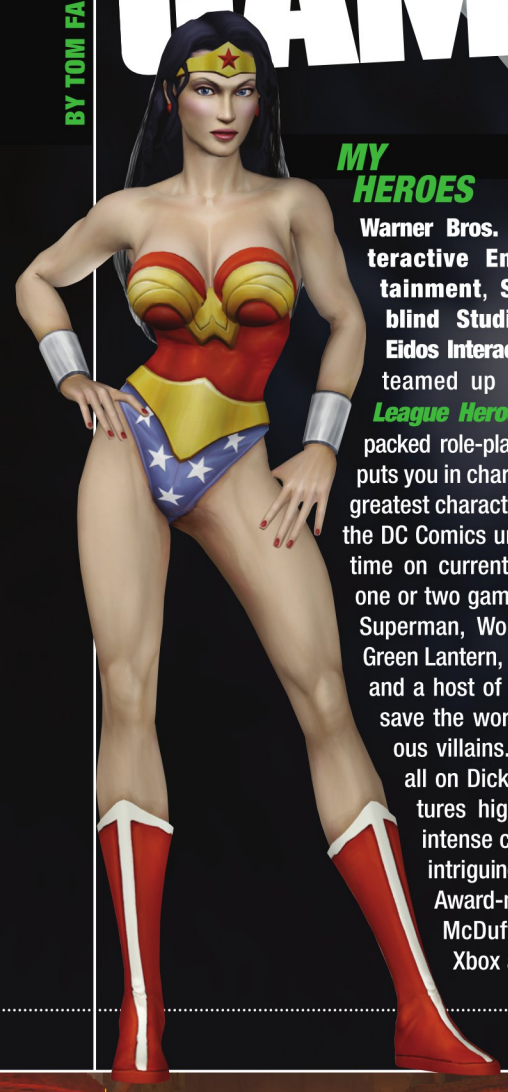
50 YEARS OF COUNTRY GOLD
Various
Image Entertainment

Live performances from C&W's greatest, including Loretta Lynn, Waylon Jennings, Merle Haggard and June Carter Cash among others, captured in Las Vegas, Dallas and Nashville. *—T.F.*

LOOK... UP IN THE SKY...
IT'S A BIRD...
IT'S A PLANE...
IT'S A BASEBALL PLAYER WITH TOO MUCH MONEY!
Trosley

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL



MY HEROES

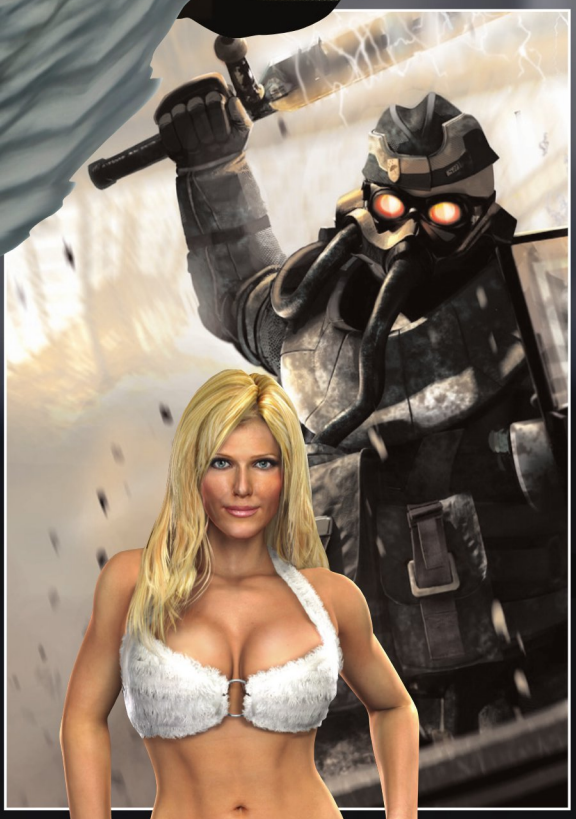
Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment, **Snowblind Studios** and **Eidos Interactive** have teamed up for ***Justice League Heroes***, an action-packed role-playing game that puts you in charge of some of the greatest characters to come out of the DC Comics universe. For the first time on current generation consoles, one or two gamers can play as Batman, Superman, Wonder Woman, The Flash, Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, Huntress, Zatanna and a host of other powerful superheroes to save the world against a legion of notorious villains. Too bad we can't sic 'em all on Dick Cheney. The game features high-quality graphics, an intense combat system and an intriguing storyline from Emmy Award-nominated Dwayne McDuffie. For the PS2, Xbox and PSP.

ARMAGEDDON IT

Midway has launched another entry into its popular ***Mortal Kombat*** series with ***Mortal Kombat: Armageddon***, available now for the PS2, Xbox and Nintendo Wii. The game features every single fighter in the ***Mortal Kombat*** series, customizable fighters you can take online, the ability to design your own fighter's fatality and even a ***Mortal Kombat*** kart-racing mini-game. Let the ass-kicking begin!

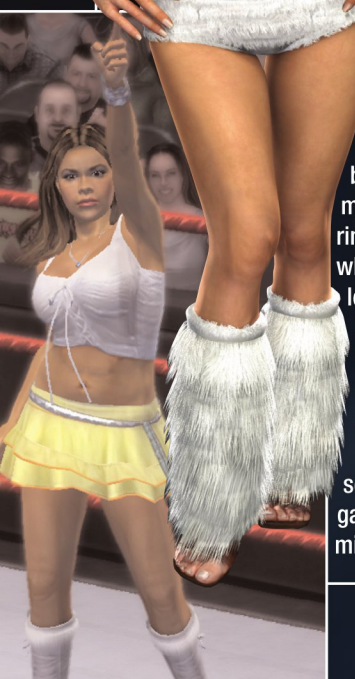
THE RETURN OF RIDGE RACER

An ideal title for the new PlayStation 3 comes from one of racing gamedom's most distinguished and beloved franchises, **Namco Bandai**'s ***Ridge Racer*** series. Developed exclusively for the PS3, ***Ridge Racer 7*** demonstrates the full power and glory of the entertainment system. The graphics are jaw-dropping, the game play is flawless, and the options provide for practically unlimited action. ***RR7*** showcases 40 cars that look incredibly real as they traverse 22 breathtaking courses. You can customize your ride ad infinitum visually and performance-wise. In career mode, you can drive to the top while competing in over 160 races, and you can go online with up to 14 other players!



KILLZONE OR BE KILLED

Guerrilla Software and **Sony** have released ***Killzone: Liberation***, the follow-up to the original ***Killzone***, which came out in November 2004 for the PS2. Created solely for the PSP, ***KZ:L*** is set in the same postwar milieu as its predecessor, but features an intelligent third-person camera system that offers players a more advantageous viewpoint of enemy movements. ***KZ:L*** has both new and familiar characters, an improved tactical command system and a variety of new weapons. No wonder it's critically acclaimed and very addictive. You'll savor all 16 missions.



LAYETH THE SMACKETH DOWN!

Wrestling fans rejoice! The WWE has come out with a few wrestling games to keep you tied up for months.The ***WWE DVD Board Game 2nd Edition*** lets you relive the best moments of WWE and test your knowledge while managing a group of wrestling superstars in and out of the ring. You have to accumulate money by winning matches while interacting with the DVD element through video challenges. Hosted by wrestling legend Jerry "The King" Lawler, the game features eight new DVD events, footage, photos, trivia questions, music and puzzles.

THQ Games continues its wrestling run with ***WWE SmackDown vs. Raw 2007*** for the PS2, PSP, Xbox 360 and coming soon to the PS3. ***SmackDown*** boasts a series of key upgrades, next-generation graphics, new game-play features and a bevy of hot chick wrestlers in mind-numbing outfits and kickass graphics.

Patricia Arquette

Emmy Rossum

BONUS RACK!

PATRICIA ARQUETTE

AT THE RIPE AGE OF 38, Patricia Arquette may be the oldest of this month's boob bunch, but time hasn't hurt her magnificent breasts. The bodacious star is part of an acting family. **Patricia**'s granddad, **Cliff Arquette**, is best remembered as *Hollywood Squares* regular Charlie Weaver, while her celebrity siblings include **Rosanna**, **David** (a/k/a Mr. **Courtney Cox**) and reality-show transsexual **Alexis**. Donning a stuffed bustier for her walk on the red carpet at an L.A. premiere, **Patricia** (the former Mrs. **Nicolas Cage** and current star of the TV show *Medium*) caught everyone's eye. Although no nipples peeked out, it's still easy to appreciate the knockout's billowing attributes.

FAMOUS FLESH

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Young Hollywood! Emmy Rossum and Amber Tamblyn

YOUTHFUL BRUNETTE Emmy Rossum is best known for her solid acting in the Oscar-nominated drama *Mystic River* and in the big-screen adaptation of *The Phantom of the Opera*. All that's fine and good, but neither of those cinematic performances compare to our photo offering her exposed areola. Let's hope **Emmy**'s future films reveal much more!

Amber Tamblyn first stole the hearts of audiences with her portrayal of the title character in TV's short-lived *Joan of Arcadia*. Since then she's moved on to the silver screen, notably in *The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants* and *The Grudge 2*. At a recent movie premiere, **Amber** unwittingly let one of her tasty titties emerge as our vigilant shutterbug dutifully snapped an awesome shot.

Got any revealing pictures of well-known figures? Contact us by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

Movie Mammaries

Alyssa Milano

SURE, WE ALL REMEMBER Alyssa Milano as **Tony Danza**'s daughter on the TV show *Who's the Boss?* But did you know that the babe has an incredibly steamy film résumé?

To jump-start her career, **Alyssa** got bigger boobs, which she was eager to show off. Her skintastic film lineup begins with 1994's *Embrace of the Vampire*, an R-rated, straight-to-video horror that features **Alyssa** in topless lesbian lip-locks. The movie also offers a full-frontal shot of her beaver during a bathroom striptease (with clear views of T&A as well). The vampire pic also boasts a bondage-driven orgy, making it a must-see for every **Alyssa Milano** fan. She followed that piece of cinematic genius with *Deadly Sins* in 1995, offering the world an even better look at her tits. She stepped into **Drew Barrymore**'s footsteps the following year to star in *Poison Ivy 2*, but unlike **Barrymore** (who used a body double), **Alyssa** did all her own topless sex scenes. What a trouper! **Alyssa**'s last flash of flesh came in the 1997 flop *Hugo Pool* opposite **Robert Downey Jr.** and **Sean Penn**. In it, she removes her top for a late-night love scene.

Sadly, **Alyssa** has spent the past ten years as a fully clothed television actress on shows like *Charmed*. Please, **Alyssa**, go back to starring in those flesh-filled B-movies…before your expiration date passes!

POISON IVY 2

Rent These NOW!

READY TO WEAR

POISON IVY 2

DEADLY SINS

EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE

HUGO POOL

PREGNANT PAUSE: UTE LEMPER

THEY SAY A WOMAN IS NEVER MORE BEAUTIFUL than when she is "with child." Sure, *maybe* if she's a model in the buff. Take, for instance, German-born **Ute Lemper**, seen here naked as a jaybird and very pregnant. She's the blushing bride Albertine in the **Robert Altman** box office flop *Ready to Wear*. Although **Lemper** may not be the biggest movie star in the cast, the Teutonic cabaret singer definitely has the biggest belly. As a voyeur's bonus, the flick features a bevy of other beauties fashionably nude.

Every month, HUSTLER provides the best in cinematic flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing us at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

THAT'S H

JENNA PRESLEY

HOT!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Fans of XXX movies will definitely recognize Jenna Presley, who's appeared in more than 125 of them. "I love being an adult actress better than my last job as an exotic dancer," Jenna says. "But being in porn is a hotter gig, and it's more profitable."

Apparently, having sex on film was a no-brainer for the lifelong Californian. “I was kind of promiscuous in college,” the 20-year-old admits, “and this guy I was with told me he thought I fucked like a porn star. That got *me* thinking.”

And now the green-eyed goddess has us wondering about her off-camera romps. “I like a guy who knows what to do and who loves sex,” Jenna confides. “He has to be totally into oral, both giving and receiving. He also has to be able to try new things and share. I like girls too. When I’m lucky enough to have a threesome in private, I’m in heaven. It’s like a sex buffet where I get to try a little bit of everything!”

Keeping up her heavenly appearance also takes a lot of hard work. “I work out every day that I’m not on a set or in a photo studio,” Jenna tells us. “I run, swim, lift weights and sweat my ass off. It’s important to me to stay in shape.”

How does Jenna assess her porn career? “I’ve been very lucky because I’ve been able to work steady for the past two years. I hope to keep at it until guys get tired of looking at me naked, and then maybe I’ll get into directing. Or just get married, have kids, change my name and disappear into a suburban lifestyle—but not for a long time to come!”

JENNA PRESLEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: San Diego
AGE: 20
BIRTHDAY: "April Fool's Day!"
BIRTH SIGN: Aries
HEIGHT: 5-1
WEIGHT: 125
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-22-32

"Evenin', Senator, Congressman, Cardinal."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

TASERS AND BILLY CLUBS AT UCLA

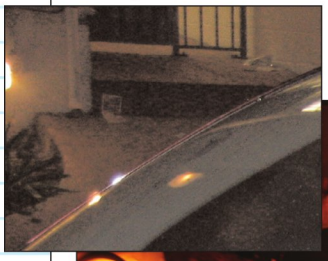
Anthony Pesce goes from cub reporter to victim as police brutality puts the university's student body on edge.

Early on the morning of December 3, following the UCLA football team's upset victory over USC, a Los Angeles Police Department officer hit me in the chest several times with a baton while I was reporting on a huge street party for my college newspaper, the *Daily Bruin*. The block party-turned-bonfire wasn't the only recent event leading to an encounter with local law enforcement—campus or city. In fact, hostilities between the student body and police had been brewing since UCLA student Mostafa Tabatabainejad was Tasered by university cops a few weeks earlier.

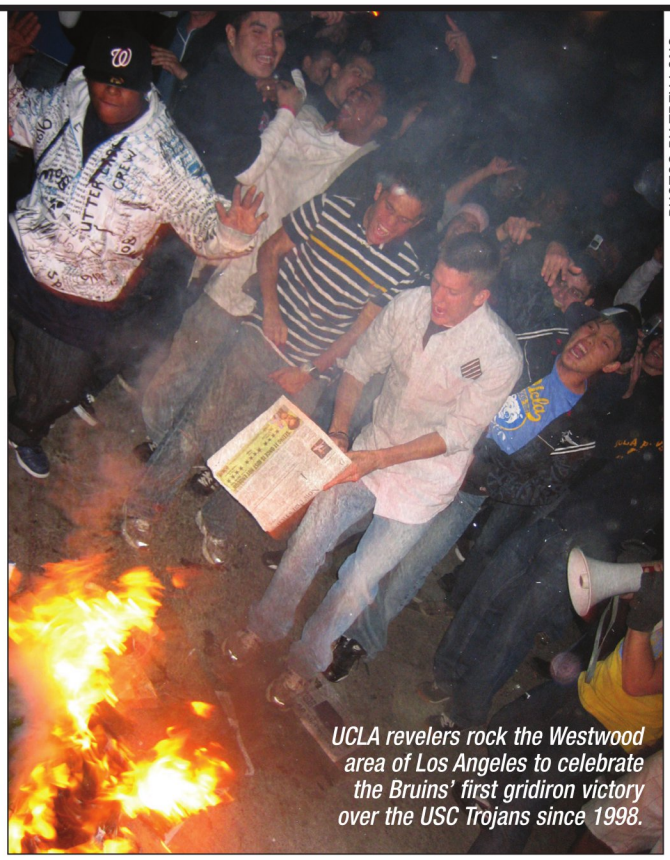
The incident was captured on cell phone video by a student and ballooned into a major scandal when the clip began circulating on high-traffic Internet sites like YouTube.com. Campus cops used a Taser on Tabatabainejad at least four times because he was in a library after hours and refused to show his student ID when asked to do so. The police claim Tabatabainejad, who was reportedly carrying his ID but didn't wish to produce it as a matter of principle, refused to leave the library. According to the victim's then-lawyer, Stephen Yagman—who specializes in police misconduct and civil liberties cases—the Iranian-American felt like he was being targeted during a random ID check because of his Middle Eastern ancestry.

Random ID checks are routinely conducted in the library after 11 p.m. Still, Tabatabainejad thought he was being racially profiled and went limp when campus police tried to escort him out. However, several witnesses reported that he was intending to leave when the officers approached and Terrence Duren subsequently Tasered him. (Worth noting, Duren has been named in a number of excessive force complaints.) The university police are not commenting on the specifics, but Tabatabainejad has already filed a federal civil rights suit against them.

The Tasering promted a campus demonstration during which several hundred students chanted "U-C-P-D don't Taser me!" and demanded an independent investigation into the incident. Shortly thereafter, university officials announced there would be just such a probe.



It wasn't the Bonfire of the Vanities, but a nearby vehicle felt the heat.



UCLA revelers rock the Westwood area of Los Angeles to celebrate the Bruins' first gridiron victory over the USC Trojans since 1998.

PHOTOS BY TREY LONG

Several weeks later, just when things seemed to be calming down in Westwood, UCLA's football team prevailed over bitter, longtime rival USC. Following the Bruins-Trojans game, what can only be described as a massive party broke out. Thousands of students, many openly consuming alcohol and a variety of drugs, celebrated in the streets as coeds flashed and streakers darted about.

It was quite the scene, but police didn't get involved until several revelers set a couch on fire, then added two more couches and a few chairs. The blaze was so hot that a nearby car literally started to melt.

At this point, a detachment of LAPD officers in riot gear marched down the street in an attempt to break up the festivities. Police fired rubber bullets, hitting several students, including one on crutches who couldn't escape fast enough. Meanwhile, students hurled glass bottles and shouted "Fuck the police!" As more and more students were hit with batons, the situation became frightening. That's when I was clubbed, despite having identified myself as a member of the press.

UCLA students are upset about the recent encounters with university police and the LAPD, but their full impact on student relations with law enforcement remains to be seen.

Anthony Pesce, a UCLA sophomore majoring in political science and public policy, is an assistant news editor at the Daily Bruin.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@lfp.com*.

TOURIST AT

SHYRA SHEER & ALANA

Soon after arriving in sunny Los Angeles, these vacationing vixens hop on a double-decker bus because they just have to see the sights. Little do their fellow tourists realize, but they're in for one helluva sexy ride.

Look! There's the HUSTLER Hollywood store on the Sunset Strip. If you find yourself visiting L.A., it's a must-make stop. Close by are some of America's most legendary nightclubs—Whisky a Go Go, The Roxy, The Cat Club and The Viper Room (once owned by Johnny Depp). Fans of the macabre frequently lie down on the sidewalk in front of The Viper Room and have their picture taken right where actor River Phoenix collapsed from a fatal overdose.

TRACTION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Continue on to The Comedy Store, once the premier showroom for Richard Pryor, Andy Kaufman and Cheech & Chong. Further east, looking over the Strip, is the Chateau Marmont Hotel, which gained notoriety when John Belushi died in one of its bungalows. Now the hotel's famous bar is the perfect place to spot celebrities drinking and hanging out.

Make your way to bustling Hollywood Boulevard and stars will surround you—that is, if you look down. Both sidewalks are dotted with star-shaped plaques honoring thousands of Tinseltown luminaries. While in the area, stop by the historic Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where for decades cinema's elite have been immortalized by placing their hands, feet and autographs in wet cement.

Other notable spots include the Capitol Records tower, the Hollywood Sign and, of course, the elliptical Flynt Publications building at the corner of Wilshire and La Cienega boulevards.

No trip to L.A. would be complete without seeing the home of HUSTLER. Although visits to our hallowed halls require an appointment, you can have your photo taken next to the John Wayne statue out in front. We also highly recommend making your vacation as memorable as this pictorial by renting a double-decker bus and filling it with some hot-and-horny porn chicks.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

Island Fever #4

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** JOONE. **STARRING:** TEAGAN PRESLEY, JANA COVA, JESSE JANE, SOPHIA SANTI, KINZIE KENNER, MARIE LUV, SCOTT NAILS, EVAN STONE, MARCO BANDERAS, JEAN VAL JEAN & TOMMY GUNN.

Island Fever #4 is the first installment in this best-selling series without Tera Patrick. But director Joone, hot off the success of the award-winning *Pirates*, makes it up to us with the triumphant return of newly minted MILF Teagan Presley. Throw in Jana Cova, Jesse Jane and the exotic Sophia Santi frolicking in the Bahamas and Bora Bora, and you'll be going, "Tera who?" The three-and-a-half-hour film is presented in high-definition widescreen with Dolby 5.1 Digital Surround Sound. A lot of the sex is shot in slow motion and the audio is music only—no talking or moaning—so it's little more than eye candy at times. But what eye candy! The three-disc set includes over two hours of bonus features. To see what these babes are really like, the extensive behind-the-scenes footage shows them goofing around in their tropical paradise. You'd have to travel a lot farther than Bora Bora to find a man (or woman) alive who wouldn't be turned on by *Island Fever #4*. ***—Kevin Wright***

Island Fever #4: *Jesse Jane and Scott Nails do the blue-movie version of The Blue Lagoon.*

"Now cough!" Jana Cova gives tawny Sophia Santi a tropical checkup.

Jesse Jane (left) and Jana Cova make great murmur maids.

Island Fever #4: Jana Cova (left) and Jesse Jane are more than just muff-divers.

Barely Legal #63: *Emily Evermoore shows Jack Venice her naughty side.*

The Dark Side of Mya Luanna: *The HUSTLER contract girl's front side rocks too.*

BL #63: *Newbie Aubrey Addams can handle whatever comes her way.*

BL #63: *Celina Cross sure digs Trent Saluri.*

Mya Luanna: *Another shining moment for a star.*

Barely Legal #63

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ANDRE MADNESS. **STARRING:** AUBREY ADDAMS, LEXI LEIGH, EVELYN LIN, CELINA CROSS, EMILY EVERMOORE, EVAN STONE, BRAD HARDY, JAMES DEEN, TRENT SALURI & JACK VENICE.

Apparently, there's no shortage of cute 18-year-olds who know how to fuck, because director Andre Madness easily packs *Barely Legal #63* with a bunch of 'em. Aubrey Addams, Celina Cross or Evelyn Lin alone would be worth the price of admission. Perky Aubrey has more pep than a squad of high school cheerleaders and brings more heat to the fray than Shaquille O'Neal. Not only does bright-eyed Evelyn have a great ass, but the Asian hottie's twat is so tight that James Deen has to use more grease than you'd find in a poll of all-time-greatest musicals. The stoic stunt cock cries, "Holy shit!" as Ev drains his balls. Meanwhile, Celina Cross—a luscious Latina with big tits—looks young enough to get carded buying bubblegum, but she's as amorously skilled as a thirtysomething hooker. Plus, pouty-lipped Emily Evermoore could pass for Sunrise Adams's slutty little sister, handling cock like she has something to prove. *Barely Legal #63* catches lightning in a bottle. **—K.W.**

The Dark Side of Mya Luanna

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** CAESAR BONOBO. **STARRING:** MYA LUANNA, BROOKE BANNER, KATJA KASSIN, JOELEAN, ALEKTRA BLUE, ADRIANNA NICOLE, VAN DAMAGE, EVAN STONE, ALEX SANDERS & HERSCHEL SAVAGE.

HUSTLER's first Asian contract star opens up a Pandora's box of unbridled sexual fantasies in *The Dark Side of Mya Luanna*. The adorable temptress personally heats up two of the movie's five top-notch scenes, with anal fiend Katja Kassin and hotties Adrianna Nicole and Brooke Banner admirably filling in to act out the leading lady's secret desires. Mya's intense sexuality ties the whole thing together, especially during her hot lesbian threeway with Alektra Blue and Joelean. Alektra shows off her recently enhanced mams as she straddles Mya's face and later takes a pounding from her zesty partner's strap-on dildo. Like kittens fighting over their mama's nipple, petite Joelean has to squeeze herself into the action. The lighter complexions of the supporting cast separate *The Dark Side of Mya Luanna* from your standard Asian fetish flick, putting the emphasis squarely where it belongs—on how much Mya loves sex. **—K.W.**

SCREECHED

Saved by the Smell?

THE CULT OF CELEBRITY is an intoxicating fruit, and many of those in the limelight have tapped into the stupidity of people who will do anything to be in the same room with someone famous. When you're a single bimbo living in the middle of buttfuck nowhere, the idea of having sex with some clown who used to be on a popular TV show is a winsome offer.

Enter former child star/current nobody Dustin Diamond, the man with the porn star name—and morals. Known to millions as the squeaky-clean supernerd "Screech" from tween hit *Saved by the Bell*, Diamond followed has-been co-star Elizabeth Berkley down the road to naked shame with a video that is actually more embarrassing and pathetic than *Showgirls*.

In the decade after the cancellation of *Saved by the Bell*, Diamond was typecast as the King of All Nerds. The struggling actor slid into obscurity, resurfacing a couple of years ago but in danger of losing his house due to bad credit and fiduciary errors of judgment. Keeping a stiff upper lip, Diamond shirked his pride and begged like a Chihuahua for his fans to buy his T-shirts, ostensibly to raise the six-figure sum needed to keep his homestead. Saved by the fans, Diamond didn't lose his domicile, a fact he claims was accomplished "purely by the T-shirt sales."

But now this leftover joke is in the news again, thanks to an amateur porn tape he made four years ago while dangling his dong for hapless star fuckers, even though his star now burns like a 20-watt bulb.

Dubbed "Dustin 'Dirty Sanchez' Diamond," the beleaguered actor entered into an agreement that allowed XXX film company Red Light District to release the DVD of his sad tryst, entitled *Screeched*.

The amateurish flick opens with about ten minutes of monotonous footage showing Diamond flopping around in a bubble bath and flashing his cock while discussing where to eat with his then-paramour. The action cuts to a head shot of Dustin, or "The D-Man" as he calls himself, promising his viewers "something special for our little club—especially for Mark—bro, I'm going to top anything any of us have done yet for our little group."

Finally, we get to the bedroom, where Dustin is greeted by two unidentified women, dubbed the bride and the bridesmaid. Both groupies seem to be enjoying a bachelorette party of sorts, judging by the bridal headgear and assortment of sex toys. Diamond gets in on the action and proceeds to plow the twosome. The majority of the tape is standard amateur fare, but things heat up at the end when the horny former tween star shoves a finger up the bridesmaid's ass and wipes it under the nose of the disgusted bride, asking her if she's ever had a "Dirty Sanchez." The poor bimbo quickly wipes her face, but there's little residue of the act, save the emotional scarring of having to be associated with the whole dreadful affair.

Diamond's manager, Roger Paul, told SFGate.com that he hopes the tape will raise his client's profile and help resurrect his acting career. "Dustin has been trying to escape the Screech typecast," Paul says. "So this may help me get more bookings."

—Tom Farrell

Screech Speaks!

For further insight, HUSTLER tracked Dustin Diamond down for a short pop quiz.

HUSTLER: Dustin, how did you end up in the porn biz?

DUSTIN DIAMOND: The tape wasn't intended for anyone to see but a small group of my friends. A lot of us are in the [film and TV] industry, and the big thing we have in common is the ability to pull ladies. We started to think it would be cool to have a contest. Each guy put money into a pot, and we started cataloging our conquests. We also assigned point values to each act we could make happen. The "Rusty Trombone" would be worth this much and the "Dirty Sanchez" that much. I suggested we call it "Poke 'Em" instead of poker.

Who are the girls?

I couldn't even tell you their names. They came to one of the shows, and they are basically road ass—you know, straight-up groupies.

Were the chicks in *Screeched* really a bride-to-be and a bridesmaid?

Yeah. It's funny because the bridesmaid seemed like she was going to cock-block me all night—and she turned out to be the real free freak.

How did the tape end up in a porn merchant's hands?

This tape is from almost four years ago, and even though it helped me win the pot that round, I had forgotten about it. Unfortunately, it got misplaced or misappropriated, maybe by a girlfriend and sold to a sleaze merchant. After some legal wrangling I knew that it was coming out whether I liked it or not. So I contacted Red Light District and put together a deal.

Do you think you can convince any of your former *Saved by the Bell* co-stars to do a fuck film with you?

Nah. If I had to choose one, it would probably be Tiffani Thiessen simply because she was the hottest, and that would sell really well. They could call it *Beauty & the Screech*.

One last question, Dustin. Why did you give a chick a "Dirty Sanchez"?

That was worth 15 to 20 points based on how clear the shit mustache was in our game. The funny thing is, people are showing up at my live gigs giving me the "Dirty Sanchez" salute. One group even came with chocolate pudding mustaches.

—Keith Valcourt

Powerlines: *"Somebody get me a witch doctor!" Nicole Sheridan goes for a spin as a Voodoo doll.*

The Whole Enchilada: *Tee Reel and Kyle Stone drop by the Rebeca Linares drive-through.*

Powerlines: *Allie Sin transmits high voltage to horny Mike Horner.*

Enchilada: *Monica Breeze is a meatpacking plant for Kyle Stone and Chris Charming.*

Powerlines

CAL VISTA. **DIRECTOR:** DCYPHER. **STARRING:** HALEY PAIGE, HOLLIE STEVENS, CHARLOTTE STOKELY, ALLIE SIN, NICOLE SHERIDAN, STEVEN ST. CROIX, EVAN STONE, VAN DAMAGE, MIKE HORNER & VOODOO.

Powerlines is director DCypher's latest erotic thriller, presented in high-definition widescreen. Haley Paige, as a cop tracking a serial killer, carries the film with her inimitable thespian techniques—that and her big-ass titties. You might think the sultry brunette was wasting her acting talents doing porn if she weren't also so skilled at sucking and fucking. Incredible as Haley may be, Allie Sin has what could be the hottest scene in the movie. The heavily tattooed yet doe-eyed vamp plays a whip-cracking dominatrix with an intoxicating mix of innocence and authority. As always, Charlotte Stokely is sexy, albeit in a supporting role. But given her limited screen time, this flick isn't essential viewing for Charlotte fans. Despite some lags, the plot is completely sex-driven, which is a plus. Besides, Haley has enough charisma to keep it up even when she keeps her clothes on. Thanks to her and Allie Sin, *Powerlines* is a whodunit worth checking out. **—K.W.**

The Whole Enchilada

VOUYER MEDIA. **DIRECTOR:** VINCE VOUYER. **STARRING:** REBECA LINARES, LORENA SANCHEZ, NATALIE, MONICA BREEZE, SATIVA ROSE, CASSANDRA CRUZ, KYLE STONE, SCOTT LYONS, VINCE VOUYER, CHRIS CHARMING, RICK MASTERS, RYAN KNOX & TEE REEL.

When Vince Vouyer promises *The Whole Enchilada*, he delivers: anal, D.P., cream pies, blow bangs and all the nasty shit you could ask for, all from the hottest and curviest Latinas in Porn Valley—and beyond. Rebeca Linares even made the trip from Barcelona, Spain, to be a part of the proceedings. For added authenticity, all the girls speak sexy Spanish throughout, with helpful subtitles for us gringos. Every chiquita has at least two guys on her, except for Natalie: Vince keeps that hot tamale for himself. Plus, everyone but Lorena Sanchez does anal, and she makes amends by grinding away harder than a stripper on rent day. Sativa Rose deep-throating four guys and then taking it up the ass is another highlight. As a matter of fact, there isn't a single bad moment in the two-and-a-half-hour run. If you've ever so much as eaten a taco, you owe it to yourself to see *The Whole Enchilada*. **—K.W.**

Fetish Factory employs (cockwise from bottom) Brooke Haven, Eva Angelina and ponytailed contortionist Roxxxy Rush.

Fetish Factory

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** ANDREA DI ANGELO. **STARRING:** EVA ANGELINA, SHY LOVE, BROOKE HAVEN, ROXXXY RUSH, TIFFANY TAYLOR, KELLY KLINE, CHRISTIAN, ALEX SANDERS, TALON, MARCUS LONDON, JACK LAWRENCE & ANTHONY HARDWOOD.

Andrea Di Angelo, one of the directors of *HUSTLER'S Taboo* series, explores more kinky fantasies with her new feature *Fetish Factory*. For starters, Eva Angelina—donning a leather, spiked face mask—descends from the rafters and takes a lot of dick from Jack Lawrence, who is also wearing a kinky leather getup. Eva ends the scene by orally satisfying Jack, who uncorks his load into her mouth and spikey mask. Strangely, there is no domination or submission in the film. All of the actors have good chemistry and are very nice to each other. None of the women are forced by their partner to grind him with stiletto heels or lick a toilet clean. There is no begging for sex. Every couple just dives right in. Tiffany Taylor and Kelly Kline are the perfect example of this as both well-behaved damsels provide a sexy and sensual baby oil scene. After the glistening and slippery ladies take turns pussy-licking each other, Talon appears out of nowhere and adds a dick to the party. In one of the more bizarre scenes, Roxxxy Rush is outfitted with a ponytail butt plug. Marcus London hops on her for a pony ride and eventually removes the plug so he can get in some serious backdoor fucking. Leather-clad HUSTLER contract girl Shy Love takes on two homeless dudes (Alex Sanders and Anthony Hardwood) she finds living in an alley. The ensuing scene is filled with generous portions of oral, anal and a nice D.P. Finally, both bums unload on Shy's face and open mouth. Despite the flick's title, there isn't a lot of "fetish" on this DVD, but leather and sizzling sex abound. People in China who like small feet or Americans who dig huge tits, nipple clamps or dressing up as dogs may not dig this feature that much. However, with so many delectable girls, gooey facials, anal, oral and then some, *Fetish Factory* is well worth a spank.

—James Smith

WIN A JENNA T-SHIRT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK!

THE FINE FOLKS AT ICUP INC. have come out with a line of edgy T-shirts to keep Jenna Jameson fans happily clad. Want to express your love for the Queen of Porn with a different shirt for every day of the week? Now you have a shot at winning all seven Jenna T-shirts for free—all you have to do is enter our giveaway. Just fill out the form below (or put your name, address, age, phone number, shirt size and signature on a postcard) and send it to Jenna Rules c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone Number or E-mail Address _____

Age _____ Shirt Size _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Must be 18 or older to enter. Fill out the form or a photocopy and mail it to JENNA RULES c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. This form or a copy thereof completely filled in and signed must be mailed and received by April 10, 2007. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the names of the winners will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact winners by mail or telephone and mail the winners their prizes at no cost to the winners. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact winners. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household.

ENTER AND WIN ANOTHER HUSTLER GIVEAWAY! ENTER AND WIN ANOTHER HUSTLER GIVEAWAY!

Pin Up Pussy: *Avy Lee Roth goes back to the '40s for some foreplay.*

Sex City 2: *Masturbation may cause hairy paws, but Olivia Weston cuts Alain Deloin some slack.*

Pin Up Pussy: *Faith Leon wants her roof shingled.*

Pin Up Pussy

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTORS:** ALEC METRO & ERIC H. LASHER. **STARRING:** AVY LEE ROTH, PHYLLISHA ANNE, VERONICA RAYNE, VANESSA LANE, FAITH LEON, RENO, MARCUS LEON, NICK MANNING, ALEC METRO & WILL POWERS.

This retrospective on the sexy pinups of the 1940s has five hard-core scenes in all, along with an assortment of authentic period costumes and sets. Big band music is played in every scene, and the girls have plenty of bright-red lipstick and appropriate hairdos. The opening scene features Phyllisha Anne, who looks piping hot in sailor duds, hooking up with Will Powers on a warship. After removing his naval uniform, Powers makes sure he fills Phyllisha with dick, finishing his tour of duty by splashing semen on her bum. Next up, Veronica Rayne takes on a fighter pilot (Alec Metro) in a scorching segment that includes lots of oral sex and fucking in the doggy, missionary and scissors position. Heading to the wild blue yonder, Metro fires his load in a rather unusual spot—on Rayne's stockinged feet. The finale, filmed in black-and-white, is a boxing fantasy involving Reno and horny ring girl Vanessa Lane. After a lot of acrobatic sex, Reno eventually unloads a creamy knockout punch on Vanessa's perfectly round tits. *Pin Up Pussy* is a nostalgic blast. And for some extra bang, the 1998 Michael Ninn XXX film *Cashmere* (featuring Jill Kelly and the late Anna Malle) is included as a bonus disc. **—J.S.**

Sex City 2

PRIVATE GOLD. **DIRECTOR:** PIERRE WOODMAN. **STARRING:** KALENA BRUNI, RADKA RAMBAR, LEANNA SWEET, SONIA RED, DIANA GOLD, LAURA LION, OLIVIA WESTON, APHRODITE NIGHT, REBECCA SMITH, BOROKA, DIVINITY LOVE, SOPHIE PARIS, ANGELINA S., VICTORY SWEETROSSE, CINDY, REDA SEMLAHEN, GEORGE UHL, ALAIN DELOIN, ROBERT ROSENBERG, GIANNI, JOE MONTI & TITOF.

Sin City was one of Hollywood's coolest, most visually innovative films of 2005. Pierre Woodman's porn parody series follows suit with stylized black-and-white photography, a hardboiled storyline and over-the-top action—most of it in the bedroom. The source material is followed almost to the letter, but unlike most plot-heavy XXX affairs, the sex doesn't get the short shrift. Instead, Woodman has crafted an epic trilogy with a cast list longer than John Holmes's cock. This three-hour sequel has a cliffhanger ending, but the ten scorching erotic encounters—featuring a bevy of stunning Eastern European exports—stand up on their own. Unhampered by American inhibitions, these horny babes are up for threesomes, foursomes and more anal probing than a Roswell frat party. *Sex City 2* transcends the parody genre in substance and style. **—K.W.**

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV™

HUSTLER'S
THE DARK SIDE OF MYA LUANNA

SEX-Z'S
ALL GIRL EUPHORIA

ELEGANT ANGEL'S
BIG WET ASS #3

EVIL ANGEL'S
TROPHY WHORES #2

RED LIGHT'S
YOUNG TIGHT LATINAS #8

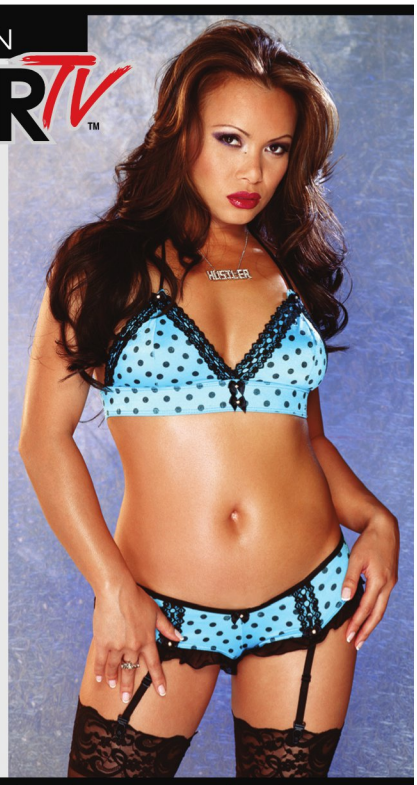
RED LIGHT'S
BE MY SLUT

ANDREW BLAKE'S
DOLLHOUSE

HUSTLER'S
COOKIES & MILF

EVIL ANGEL'S
SLUT COLLECTOR

HARMONY'S
HOUSE OF SHAME



Jessica Jaymes (far right) gets hers in ***Jessica Jet Set,*** *now screening on HUSTLER TV.*

See Mya Luanna in HUSTLER's ***The Dark Side of Mya Luanna.***

The Erotic Adventures Of Nikki Nine

ONCE UPON A TIME a HUSTLER contract star named Nikki Nine, who loved to be in front of a camera, did her very first sex scene in *The Erotic Adventures of Nikki Nine*. The former high school cheerleader, who was born and raised in California's Orange County, says she wasn't nervous as the big moment grew closer—just anxious. Only 18, Nikki decided to pursue a porn career to get back at a cheating ex-boyfriend, and now she's the youngest contract girl in the biz.

Directed by Caesar Bonobo, *The Erotic Adventures of Nikki Nine* is the story of a modern-day Little Red Riding Hood, but the famous folktale has a sexy new twist and a cast that includes XXX veteran Brittany Andrews. "I play the evil stepmom who steals away Nikki's boyfriend," says Brittany. Actually, she does much more. In the movie's first sex scene, Brittany and T.J. Cummings (as Nikki's brainless, football-playing beau) are paired up, and the chesty blonde goes the whole nine yards with her partner's big jock cock.

Nikki Nine's first erotic adventure begins with a trip to the makeup room.

Meanwhile, Nikki—who looks very tempting in her scarlet garb—is featured in two vignettes. The curvy newbie gets her feet wet in a sizzling girl/girl romp with bronzed beauty Cayton, then has a hard-pounding tryst with Jerry (who's cast as a lumberjack).

Instead of setting up shop in a San Fernando Valley warehouse, like most porn directors, Bonobo chose to shoot at a sprawling ranch in scenic Lakeview Terrace, California. The location's rippling creeks, vast canyons and bridges looked like they came straight out of an Indiana Jones movie.

"This is one of my favorite places to work," marvels male talent Evan Stone. "It's beautiful out here." In one of his two scenes, Stone hooks up with petite Jasmine Byrne, who's dolled up like Dorothy from Kansas.

In HUSTLER Video's Little Red Riding Hood spoof, there is plenty of riding, and the Big Bad Wolf does plenty of eating. Unlike the original fairytale, though, there are lots of cum-shots, and everyone lives happily ever after. ***—J.S.***

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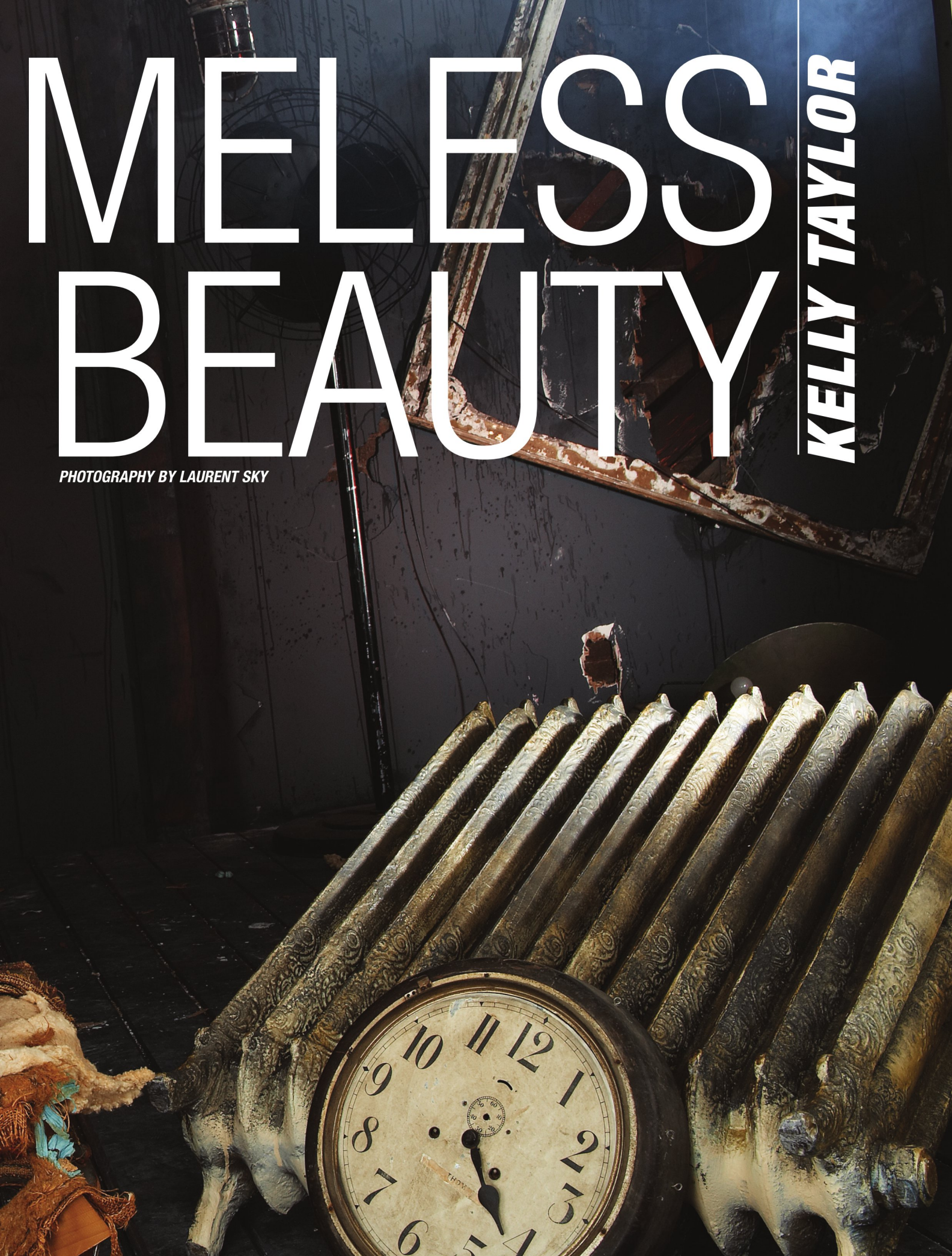
MELESS BEAUTY

KELLY TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY



"I wanted to be a model ever since I was a young girl," reveals the statuesque Californian. "I came from an affluent Orange County family and was a bit of a debutante. That allowed me the chance to compete in pageants."

What prompted Kelly to finally make the big jump to nude modeling? "I love my body and have always felt good about being naked," she says. "Once I got breast implants, I knew it was time to show off *everything.* I guess you can say that I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. I always have been. I once had sex in a park, and I'm sure people were watching. I didn't care. It actually got me hotter. My ultimate fantasy is to have sex at the Super Bowl. I would totally get off doing it live in the middle of the actual game with everyone watching me fuck."

Naturally, Kelly treats herself right. "I love to shop and get manicures and massages," she discloses. "My closets are packed with shoes, dresses and, of course, lots of sexy lingerie." Who gets to see the hottie wearing bedroom apparel? "I like guys and girls, but I guess my sexy panties are for the men in my life. The women I'm with don't care what I've got on. They just want to see me naked and have easy access. With guys, I love to get dressed up in something frilly and have the man rip it off and then ravage me with his tongue and cock."

Kelly has big plans for the future. "I have always wanted to be famous, doing TV shows and films," she says. "Hopefully, one day I'll be a household name."

KELLY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Los Angeles
AGE: 25
BIRTHDAY: "The day before Christmas!"
BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn
HEIGHT: 5-9
WEIGHT: 125
MEASUREMENTS: 32D-24-32